THE COMMONWEAL

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THE ARC ACROSS THE SKIES

THE rebirth of splendid romance in the heart of the distracted modern world has shed glamour about the name of twenty-five year old Charles Lindbergh. Never perhaps has there been a more spontaneous outpouring of public sentiment. But it seems to us that one journal at least, in its efforts to give Lindbergh his due place, has minimized the effects of his glorious deed.

When one newspaper proclaimed Lindbergh's flight as "the greatest feat by a solitary man in the annals of the human race," the New York World suggested that "Instead of saying 'greatest' let us say 'most glorious.' For in all truth, this flight was not great in the sense that the voyage of Columbus was great—it added little to human knowledge, it will not affect by a hair's breadth the history of the world. The very charm of it is that it was not useful." This statement is undoubtedly well meant. It tries to carry us from the realms of accomplishment to those fields of quixotic adventure where humanity has always watched its heroes joust in great dreams. But in this effort to extol the sheer adventure of the flight, we think that the New York World has failed to understand what the simple heartbeats of humanity can mean in writing pages of history and achievement.

We might take almost the exact words of the World's editorial and alter them to read: "In all truth this flight was great in the same sense that the voyage of Columbus was great—it added much to human knowledge, it may affect momentously the history of the world. The very charm of it is that starting in adventure it ended by serving mankind." Bald logic alone might fail to justify this statement. Logic alone has never justified or explained any great moment in human history—unless we are willing to include in the word "logic" the most complete understanding of the forces often difficult to identify which stir human imagination and promote great undertakings without apparent rhyme or reason.

Suppose we take first the lesser aspect of Lindbergh's flight—the inherent greatness of the deed as compared to the voyage of Columbus. Columbus convinced himself that the voyage his imagination pictured could be accomplished. That voyage required financial assistance. He sought and obtained it. Lindbergh had exactly the same conviction. And instead of merely being hired by an existing corporation as a pilot, he practically created the group which gave him his opportunity. Columbus laid down the principles upon which he would undertake his great expedition. Lindbergh did the same. When his friends advised his taking an assistant pilot, it was his own insistence that finally won

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them to the idea of making a lone flight. Lindbergh sought out the people whom he wished to have design his plane, and also took part in the working out of those designs, indicating, for example, his preference for a gasoline tank in front instead of behind the pilot, with periscopes to aid his vision. When the time approached for the great effort, Lindbergh made his own choice of the day he was to set off. Presumably, he himself decided the route he would follow, and the methods of navigation he would use. During the voyage of Columbus there came a fateful moment when those around him clamored to return rather than forge ahead in a blind void. Lindbergh had no companions urging him to quit. But there were moments, quite as fateful as those of Columbus, when his own thoughts dwelt on abandonment, when he had to weigh the choice between going ahead to possible destruction or turning back. And, like Columbus, he went ahead! It would be difficult, we think, to find in modern annals a more exact parallel to the courage and vision of Columbus, particularly in that single-handed control of events which made Lindbergh master of his accomplishment from the first thought of the deed to its final translation into action.

Of the second aspect of this adventure—that it added much to human knowledge—we must admit that Lindbergh discovered no new continent. But if he has not discovered a continent, he has at least discovered a new race of men—for the people of France who greeted him with unrestrained joy, who were able to sink their own great and recent loss of Nungesser and Coli in a sea of generous emotion, these people are indeed a new race to us. We learned the heroism of France in the great war. We could understand, perhaps too easily, the joy with which they received the first American troops coming to their assistance after four years of torment. Since then we have tried in vain to understand a resentful people of France who have seemed at times to magnify the business adjustment of war debts out of all proportion to the great bonds of sympathy that should unite nations of the modern world. But the France that greeted Lindbergh is one we have never fully known before, generous beyond all hope in acclaiming a great deed and utterly self-effacing in taking to her heart a man of alien race who had succeeded where two of her own devoted sons had tragically failed.

The third aspect of his flight, the greatest of all, links closely with the second. When the World tells us that "It will not affect by a hair's breadth the history of the world," it seems to us that all history rises in protest against this misreading of the human temper that controls events. It is all too easy to accept the great happenings of history either as mere accidents or as purely spectacular incidents. But a careless word by a German chancellor about a "scrap of paper" had more to do with the ultimate course of history than all the years of scientific military preparation stretching back to the arsenals of Frederick the Great. For this one contemptuous phrase stirred the temper of the world and set the pace of thought which swept Germany to defeat. Certainly it was not the logical and exact military genius of Napoleon which carried him to momentary triumph, but rather the dramatic genius of the man which enabled him to wring destiny from a deed. He knew that nations live, not by bread alone, but by the fire of their imaginations kindled afresh by every new and great emotion which sweeps them. And it is precisely the imagination of peoples that Lindbergh has fired, and in so doing who can say he has not altered the course of human events?

For we cannot, and must not, estimate too lightly the bitterness which was accumulating between France and America in the eight years since the war, nor can we shut our eyes to what might have been a disastrous outcome. No one living today can foretell the future alignment of world powers nor whether ultimate world peace may not depend upon an enduring spirit of common cause between those Atlantic nations from whom America received her people and with whom her future lies. Mistrust and misunderstanding over the tangled problems of international debts would be quite enough to alter the destiny of nations by making a concord of purpose impossible at a time of crisis. It is of the utmost importance in the shaping of history that France and America should remain friends, not alone in the polite phrases of diplomacy, but in the deeper convictions of the heart. It is important not alone to us and to France, but to England, to Italy and to all countries whom the great war brought to a common task and community in effort.

It was at the moment when the finest minds of America and France had begun to despair of preserving the deeper bonds between these two countries that Charles Lindberg discovered a new French people for us and carried the best of what is American to the heart of France. In less than a day and a half, this boy of twenty-five succeeded in re-creating the great bond of understanding which riveted together the souls of two peoples on November 11, 1918. He has done with the instruments of peace what was accomplished before only by the torture of bloodshed and the terrors of war. He has rekindled a lamp of understanding that was burning all too low. He has taken two countries that were separated by the ocean of distrust and united them again by blazing an arc of understanding across the skies. If this alone is not capable of changing the course of history, of making possible further peace and accords, then we can well say that no great deed is worth the doing, because men will always rise to undo its greatness. Mr. Herrick has called Charles Lindbergh "the new ambassador to France." But he is rather more than that. He has turned a page in the book of history. If we do not write upon that page events worthy of the chance thus offered, the fault does not lie in Lindbergh's arc across the skies, but in ourselves, for the chance of a great purpose that we have let slip by.

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WEEK BY WEEK

IT IS difficult to see in the World Economic Conference just brought to a close in Geneva more than an indication of what might be accomplished if public opinion throughout the world decided to enforce correlation between economic facts and political institutions. The Conference, of course, "did" nothing. The report to be issued promises to demonstrate the significance of European productive depression to other nations, and to outline in particular the disturbing effect of tariff warfare. One may reasonably assume that it will collate an immense amount of useful material, gathered by trained economists representing varied fields of research and schools of opinion. Though this will never be digested by any great number of people, it will ultimately reach the public through the filter of comment and leadership. Gradually, one hopes, the factual knowledge thus stored and tapped will modify fantastic theories and ambitions, will urge statesmen to rewrite destructive treaties imposed by force, and will furnish the incentive to create a greater economic solidarity. The circumstance that even the Russian delegates indorsed the report, after having provided a few dramatic moments of dissent, has been considered a very hopeful sign. In view, however, of what has recently been done to dynamite relations between the Soviet government and Great Britain, this "sign" looks more than relatively dim. Other omens are no less discouraging. For work like that of the Economic Conference, it is best to put forward the modest claim that it is a good day of hard labor done for an excellent and vital cause.

NINE days ago, in Rome, the sacerdotal jubilee was celebrated of a man whose name figures in the news of the day oftener than that of any other single member of the papal court or entourage. It has been the lot of Pietro Gasparri, as Secretary of State, in other words as the mouthpiece of the Vatican in its domestic and foreign relations, to be the inevitable mark, not only for lofty and deserved praise, but for a certain amount of criticism, at times from quarters where better might have been expected. In looking back over the fifty years of his ministry, Cardinal Gasparri surveys half a century of arduous labor, in many lands and under many conditions. Elevated to the chair of canon law at the Catholic Institute in Paris in 1880, when only twenty-eight years old, he was called from it after eighteen years to become apostolic delegate in turn to Peru, Ecuador and Chile. Recalled to Rome in 1901, he was entrusted by Pius X with a work whose magnitude is hard to over-estimate, namely the collection into one code of canon law of the innumerable pontifical bulls and decisions in Council contained in the Vatican archives. The preoccupations of the great war (the code was completed in its midst and promulgated on May 27, 1917, at one of its most critical moments) has prevented the world at large from realizing the significance of the reform. But there is no doubt among instructed Catholics that it marks one of the most important dates in ecclesiastical history. The hearts of all Catholics and friends of Catholicism were with the Pontiff's Secretary of State during the commemoration of the awesome dignity that he shares with the lowliest ordained priest among his brethren in the Faith.

ANYONE who reads through German memoirs of war-time realizes the crisis precipitated by the threatened loss of Roumanian oil. How could the struggle have been carried on without this priceless elixir of motion and mechanics? That we in the United States may face a similar critical moment, in so far as our industry and transportation are concerned, has often been pointed out but seldom resolutely contemplated. Just now it has come to the fore in connection with an effort being made by interested producers to curtail the output in the Seminole field. There the appearance of petroleum in fabulous quantities has forced the market to take on a supply which brings the selling price of crude oil below the cost figure. As a result the profits of everybody interested have been severely curtailed, stocks have tumbled on the market, and—incidentally—people have begun to wonder whether waste might not be seriously depleting our natural resources. Combine these three effects and you have a powerful cause of remedial activity. One wishes Mr. Collins, the independent operator in charge of the curtailment work, every success. People have so readily outlined his difficulties for him that we here need do nothing further in that direction. But granted the fact that a well in action is about as hard to stop as a fire, that people

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will drill in the hope of getting as rich as somebody else, and that speculation is the very backbone of the industry—granted all this, we say, the problem seems vast and complex enough to suggest that agencies more thoroughly identified with the general welfare might well be interested in it. Perhaps they will really give it their attention—when the oil has all gone.

NORTH CAROLINA was the native state of Judge William Gaston, whose famous speech against proposed religious discrimination, made in 1835 before the Constitutional Convention, struck the obnoxious clause out of the statute book. It is with the deeper regret, therefore, that we see the home of Gaston enacting in its General Assembly one of the most drastic acts ever prompted by racial discrimination. The new law, whose ostensible aim, it need hardly be said, is the discouragement of the undesirable alien, hedges in residents (or visitors who stay more than three months) with a host of vexatious regulations eminently calculated to make them feel their apartness and condition of sufferance. Not only must they register with the clerk of any superior jurisdiction in which they happen to find themselves after ninety days, giving afresh all the details of birth, profession, previous residence, photograph, etc., that were required from them when landing, but the names and addresses of five persons who have known the deponents "for the longest period" are to be given and passed upon before unmolested residence may ensue. It will be interesting to see how a law which, for all its air of coöperating with the federal authorities, has some air of usurping their function of deciding whether a man or woman is a fit and proper person to enter the United States, will fare if challenged in the Supreme Court. Meantime, as current handbooks tell us that "for many years there has been little immigration" into North Carolina, and as the reputation of the Tar Heel commonwealth for the amenities of life does not stand high in any comparative table, it seems that precautions against the undesirable alien are being multiplied where 100 percent safeguards are least needed.

INTERESTING light on the relations between religious bigotry and the press is afforded by the anonymous writer of an article which appeared recently in Editor and Publisher. It is the autobiographical record of experiences garnered by a newspaper editor who acquired his paper at a time when its circulation had been seriously undermined by defections of both Klan and Catholic readers. How could the bad situation be cleared up? The daring editor decided to address the Rotary Club as follows: "Gentlemen, the Constitution of the United States guarantees to you and me, to every man, woman and child in Blanksburg, the right to worship God in any way each of us sees fit. Both personally and officially, as general manager of the Blanksburg Eagle, I take my stand on the Constitution's guarantee, and from now on the paper will be run on that basis. If this, in your opinion, is good Americanism, then the sooner you gentlemen tell me so, the better for all concerned. And the day I cannot run the Eagle successfully on this basis, that day I will lock the front door and shake the dust of Blanksburg off my feet for good and all."

THE effect of this declaration was instantaneous and satisfactory. Eagle circulation recovered the great goodliness of yore. Nevertheless the struggle was not yet ended. An "ex-nun" tramped to town, and two gentlemen identified with the Klan came in to secure advertising for her. They were informed that the paper had no space at its disposal. "But we want to pay for this," said one of the gentlemen. "We want to buy some of the advertising space you have for sale here." But the editor was adamant. His callers threatened dire things, and covered their respective exits with canceled subscriptions. The rest of the story can best be told in the author's own words. "When two Catholic priests, stirred by the publication of the 'nun' advertisement in the Eagle's rival, called on me, our canceled subscriptions still numbered two. These priests proffered a paid reply in the form of a display advertisement, to the 'nun' ad. I repeated to them what I had said to my other visitors. When they found me firm in my decision, they, too, left, and on the way out one of them subscribed for the Eagle—making a net loss to the paper of one subscriber." This narrative throws more light upon the relations between fairness and newspaper success than reams of comment could. It deserves consideration and is getting it.

READERS of Newman, to say none other, do not need to be reminded that the followers of the Saint of Monte Cassino were pioneers in agriculture in days when most of the Europe we know today was a frontier, waiting to be drained, cleared and have the sun let in on it. It is with peculiar fitness, therefore, that the Benedictine community of Caldey Island, off the coast of South Wales, comes forward to offer one of the most practical suggestions on the problem of immigration that has been put forward in recent years. England is over-crowded, and over-crowded precisely with the type of men and women who find pioneering conditions in the new countries a harsh ordeal, in which only the fittest can hope to survive and prosper. Some brief period of probation and readjustment before the final separation has taken place has often been put forward by thoughtful people, though rather as an ideal than as a plan possible of realization, and it is this ideal that the monks of Caldey, in whose traditions the word "fail" has never been given a prominent place, propose to make actual.

BY ARRANGEMENT with the Catholic Emigration Society, and where possible, it is interesting to note, in coöperation with the National Catholic Welfare Conference Bureau of Immigration in this coun-

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try, they propose to set aside fifty acres of soil and thirty buildings under the walls of their monastery where intending Catholic immigrants may make their acquaintance with the strenuous tasks that beset the settler in new lands, and may prove their fitness for them before embarking on the new life. It is hard to conceive of any scheme which appeals so to what might be called the practical imagination. Before their eyes the intending immigrants will have not only the example of men who have literally built up their own sacred enterprise from the ground by community of labor, but personal evidence of the extent to which prayer and brotherly unity can sweeten toil. So ideal are the conditions that only one difficulty looms ahead. Having been, so to speak, emigrated into the pre-industrial past, the guests of the brethren of Caldey Abbey may feel a reluctance, when the lesson is over and the signal for departure given, to go any further, and inclined to cry in chorus "Hic optime manebimus."

TRAVELERS by railroad who spend the night on a train or who choose, for shorter journeys, the comfort of a Pullman car, have little fault to find with the dark-skinned and liveried attendants who look after their comfort. The smile which accompanies the stowage of lighter articles in the racks over their heads or the practised whisk of a brush over their shoulders as the train nears its destination are things for which a slight honorarium will never be grudged. They will watch with sympathy, therefore, the efforts of Pullman porters and maids, reported from Washington, to organize themselves with a view to obtaining better conditions of service and pay. The sum of $72.50 a month for an average working day of thirteen hours, does not, on the face of it, seem generous compensation. No doubt it falls within that sorry category, the "living wage," the best proof of this being that Pullman porters are still alive and in good fettle. But it is far, far below the standard of work and wages of which Americans are proud to boast, and there is no reason whatever against, and every reason for, its substantial betterment.

ONE of the most significant items among the Pullman porters' demands is that the tipping system should cease. The day is long past when Americans traveling in Europe, could note the practice of offering gratuities as one survival the more of vassaldom. Today the only difference observable when traveling in the two continents is that tips on this side of the Atlantic are bigger and expected more as a matter of right and less as a matter of favor. Exploitation long ago turned the change in our customs to its personal advantage. The man who enters a crowded restaurant where no facilities for bestowing hat, coat and satchel are observable, is aware by now that only a small proportion of what he will hand to a smiling attendant at the door later goes to her personal enrichment. The bulk passes into the hands of thoroughly organized and very wide-awake groups of concessionaires and lessees. Men and women who, upon rising to go, lay a far larger tip upon the tablecloth know or should know that their generosity is not putting one dime more in circulation than would be the case were the entire practice abolished tomorrow. What really has happened is that the good will of the public has been calculated in advance, and applied by shrewd wits to cut their own wage bill to the vanishing point. If the action of the Pullman porters proves to be a wedge driven into an indefensible system, no believer in economic justice should care how far or how hard it is hammered in.

ALTHOUGH Professor Sigmund Freud established before a Vienna court the right of psychoanalysis to treat patients independently of medical science, it is plain that the normal physician in Central Europe regards Freudianism as an extremely dubious variety of therapeutics. Medical authorities in number declared that the method might do great harm if entrusted to practitioners untrained in any other science. Professor Freud himself declared that his system could stand independently of all else, particularly medicine. This is quite in line with his previous declarations that psychoanalysis is not affected by philosophy or even other forms of psychology. Recently, in fact, he dismissed critics of his theories with a gesture in which there was expressed an obvious willingness to stand apart from the rest of the exploring world. Now, granted the propriety of this attitude, one has the right to expect that Freudianism show signs of development, of approach to definite formulae, of ability to absorb useful materials from other fields. Precisely this expectation is steadily being undermined. Freud's latest books are not clarifications or simplifications of his doctrine, but inverted gropings which lead nowhere and almost seem to undermine points of view he had expressed before. Indeed the reader of these chaotic chapters can hardly resist concluding that Freudianism is drifting, rudderless, toward vague generalities. This is a fate which many have anticipated and which, barring some details of evidence, is probably an advantage to scientific investigation of human life.

DECEMBER will bring the fiftieth anniversary of an invention which has perhaps carried a greater volume of entertainment and brightness into lonely and secluded lives than any within the past century. It was on December 19, 1877, that Thomas Edison took out his first "talking machine" patent, modestly entitled "a perfection in instruments to control the transmission of electric current by sound and for the reproduction of sound." In noticing the forthcoming semi-centennial, La Vie Catholique takes occasion to remind us that, though Edison was the first to apply the new process practically, his invention, in principle at least, had been forstalled some months previously. On April 30 of the same year Charles Cross or Cros (the name is spelled in both ways) deposited with the Académie des

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Sciences, in Paris, a sealed packet containing a minute and detailed description of a new process for "the registration and reproduction of phenomena perceived by the ear." When read a few months later in public sessions, the invention was adjudged highly technical and its possibilities attracted little attention. Probably the only public record of the Cross discovery today is contained in a back file of the Semaine du Clergé, a clerical organ at that time edited by the inventor's friend Abbé Lenoir. Its issue of October 10, 1877, contains an article of some length, largely dictated by Cross himself, in which, it is particularly interesting to note, the word "phonograph" makes its bow for the first time on any stage.

THE difficulties involved in trying to make a people uniform through the influence of legislation are rather well known, though many seem fatally ready to disregard them. A goodly anecdote in support of this point is made by Baron Wrangel in a book—From Serfdom to Bolshevism—which the Lippincotts are just publishing. The czar, so the story goes, had indorsed the plan to Russify Russia by insisting upon one language and one church. "This Russification," reports Baron Wrangel, "sometimes took grotesque forms. One day I was accompanying General Potapov, who acquiesced in 'Russification' without approving it, on a tour of inspection. We were driving with a whole string of carriages, with the General at the head, along a splendid road that had been specially made. Suddenly the General's carriage was upset. Potapov was unhurt, but his coachman was a pitiful sight. Probably thinking that he would be hanged, he cried, 'Mercy! Mercy! Spare my life.' 'There, there, don't get excited,' said the General, 'nobody wants to hurt you.' But the coachman went on: 'I am Orthodox. I am a cook and not a coachman. Yes, a cook I am, and I've never driven a horse.' 'Poor devil,' said Potapov, 'he has lost his head completely. Now he thinks he is a cook.' 'As a matter of fact, Your Excellency,' Potapov's princely host interrupted, 'the man is a cook.' In response to the General's bewilderment, the host added: 'The fact is that it was impossible to find an Orthodox coachman to drive you in the whole town. There were only Polish Catholics and naturally they were impossible.' 'Now I see what you are driving at,' Potapov replied. 'You naturally thought it better that I should break my neck through the services of an Orthodox cook than that I should be properly driven by a Catholic coachman.'" In this case, which is typical enough, it was apparently impossible even to drive the horse to water. Unfortunately public opinion, expressed by a majority, is sometimes able to cast a halo of seeming righteousness about similar edicts. How often it is assumed, in almost all countries, that persons who do not bear the obvious trademarks of citizenship are incapable of being serviceable copartners in national enterprise, with the result that many a respectable cook goes about in the mental livery of a coachman.

CALM IN NICARAGUA

THE news states that one may now climb the mountains round about Managua without clinging for dear life to a password. In this respect Colonel Stimson's report is encouraging, even though its summary of what has happened is ghastly enough. "Not only has the actual fighting been so fierce that in many battles the losses of the combatants, in proportion to their number, have been as high as the losses in the great war," declares the Colonel, "but the conduct of the warfare has been brutal beyond expression." When he goes on to list barbarities such as giving no quarter to prisoners and murdering non-combatants, he is in our opinion telling what is likely to be the truth. Of course (as the New York World reminds us) stories of a similar character have been told before through a brilliant exercise of the imagination, as in the notorious case of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis versus Germany. Plainly, however, Mr. Stimson is not the same kind of person as Dr. Hillis. He has been on the scene, and he talks like a prosaic military investigator. Why people should refuse to believe that warfare in Indian America—which extends from the Rio Grande to the Panama Canal—is usually conducted without regard for the rules of civilized fighting, remains a phenomenon we cannot explain. Impartial spectators of numerous Mexican revolutions have had their say. The history of Central American military affairs is not available in complete form, but it is far enough along to give us a fairly reliable impression of how these people fight. Incidentally it makes very little difference whether the soldiers are labeled "liberal" or "conservative." They handle muskets and bayonets in one monotonous, quite unattractive way.

That is why one is glad to see peace has been agreed upon until the United States sees Nicaraguan voters safely through a fair election. How that will turn out is one question. What will happen afterward is another. One may sincerely hope that neither Diaz nor Sacasa will come before the people as candidates, that, at all events, neither will be elected. It was perhaps natural that Colonel Simpson should feel most thoroughly at home with General Moncada, a military man of estimable qualities. Nevertheless it is a little disheartening to find him noticeably chilly to the prominent politicos in the field. Even the wisdom of upholding Diaz in office until 1928, expedient though that was in view of the salutary effect an established government can exert upon a preëlection public, is challenged by the apparent lack of good things to say in favor of Diaz. But a great deal of fine work has been done, at any rate. Colonel Stimson returns from a difficult mission with a report creditable to himself and reassuring to his fellow-citizens. In so far as he and his associates are concerned, the United States has certainly not been imperialistic in Central America.

Nevertheless one must hope that tasks like his, requiring grim aid from the army and the navy, will not

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need doing every few years. The only reliable safeguard against such activity—unpopular in the United States and intrinsically useless elsewhere—would be the development of a governing public opinion able to enforce democratic order. Talk about other expedients is futile. Of what good are governments of change, if they remain utterly without a static purpose? "Central America," says one political observer, "must sometime recognize its common responsibilities, and thus discover a greater purpose than individual ambition." To that sentence we subscribe. The fatal characteristic of interventionary expeditions like the one just brought to a close is that they tend to make the peoples concerned dependent upon the United States rather than upon themselves and upon each other. Toward the correction of this characteristic no progress has been made through our recent expedition.

"MODIFICATIONS"

SINCE a famous diplomatist of the nineteenth century set all the chancelleries of Europe buzzing by the simple process of stating the facts, the reverberations of truth have been as unaccountable as they are wide-spread. The Smith-Marshall controversy may be "dead" as news, but some of its aftermath is too striking a case in point not to bear resurrection. Eminently calculated to impale the object of its attentions on one or other horn of a dilemma, the famous "open letter" failed of its effect, not through any mental adroitness on the part of its recipient, but through the working of a law, as beautiful as it is simple, and worthy of more observance than it receives, that whereas one contrivance will fit only another contrivance, the truth fits anywhere and everywhere.

Governor Smith's opponents, of course, number in their ranks men who are suave as well as men who are truculent, and a fair number of the former are skilled in the old zetetic device of dissecting a plain answer so as to make of it fresh elements for discussion. Among the public voices outside his communion and party which absolved the New York executive from all suspicion of divided loyalty, no experienced debater will be surprised to find many who were by no means satisfied to let the matter rest at the point to which it had been carried. After having called upon Governor Smith to explain his attitude toward the Church's teaching, they are now calling upon the Church to define its attitude toward the Governor's explanation.

We may discard, for present consideration, such a pronouncement as that of the New York (Methodist) Christian Advocate, which warns the American people that the liberties of their country are as unlikely as ever to be "entirely secure in the hands of a man who has bowed the knee to Rome." This is no longer the language of intelligent debate, and that section of our people which is worth convincing need not be set on their guard against it. Better worth noticing among a budget which the Literary Digest recently collected, are such comments as that of the Pittsburgh organ, of the same name and religious complexion, which believes that the result of the famous letter in reply will be "the thorough committal of Roman Catholics to this liberal or American view of the relation of Church and state in this country," or that of the Congregationalist, which believes that Governor Smith's declaration "marks the emergence of a Catholicism that is American rather than Roman." While all that the Christian Advocate, also a Methodist organ, published in New York, is prepared to concede, may be judged by its rather cryptic and grudging statement that: "Doubtless his declaration is true of a great many of the laymen of the Catholic Church, as liberalized and Americanized by their experience in the conditions of church life as they prevail in the United States."

Even among the voices less concerned to modify their approval there is an accent almost of surprise at the tenor of the reply in fact of what has always been credited. After admitting, with a commendable frankness that cuts the ground from under more accepted teaching than perhaps he suspects, that "religious liberty on this continent is not primarily a Protestant but an American achievement," Dr. Justin W. Nixon, a prominent Presbyterian minister and an accepted authority on Protestant canon law, goes on to observe that "Governor Smith has simply borne witness to his fundamental Americanism and indirectly to the modifying influence of that Americanism upon the traditional thought of his Church."

It is quite impossible, in the limits to which space confines us, to glance at more than one misconception that lies at the bottom of these very varying receptions of what read like a very blunt statement. But this one deserves notice, because it is inherent in the thought of our day. The contemporary mind, perhaps because it is doomed to grapple with so much complexity, is set against diversity. It conceives of power as something methodical, uniform and calculable under all conditions, no matter how intricate the mechanism that has set it in motion. Impressed, as the least sympathetic cannot help but be, by the mere material aspect of the Church's accomplishment, it is natural that it should impute to it something of a rigidity which, in point of fact, the Church has never sought.

In other words, the contemporary world confuses universality with universal application. The "modifications" it scents are, in point of fact, as natural and inevitable to any body whose parish is the world, and the world in all ages, as any modification which mankind has consented to under the pressure of time and space. It is when these latest critics stretch the implication so far as to see in the statement a simple Catholic layman may make unreproved, some outward manifestation of change "in the traditional thought of the Church" that their observations lead them astray. What they rub their eyes at seeing "emerge" is only what all of us watch emerge around us during the spring. It is the very principle of life and growth.

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CHANGING CHINA

By JAMES ANTHONY WALSH

FEW public statements have been made by Catholic missioners in China concerning conditions in that much troubled country, for the simple reason that an opinion is hardly formed when it is subject to change. Many Catholic missions in China have been hard hit in the past months, and some missioners have suffered much. At least two have been put to death. No strong protests have been recorded, doubtless because of the fact that it is practically impossible to fix responsibility in China at the present time.

The average news reader does not visualize events in China—perhaps because his geography is hazy; but it is pretty commonly known today that, since the Chinese republic (sic) was formed in 1911, China has been practically without a government, each of its eighteen provinces, and Manchuria as well, being ruled by selfish interests with no respect for the central government supposed to function at Peking. This condition—a state of practical anarchy—has favored bandits all over the land and pirates on the seas, resulting in continued disturbance to the masses of the people and in constant obstruction to industry.

Since the Boxer uprising, and until the recent troubles, Catholic missioners have rarely suffered bodily harm, and their properties have been respected, even to the extent of serving as asylum to their oft harassed people. Their work has gone forward, revealing in some sections most gratifying progress, but they have been subject to untold annoyances and obliged to move cautiously, dreading disturbances of which they knew soldier-bandits to be capable under generals who were hardly less than super-bandits. Upset political conditions have not discouraged or disgusted them, of course. They sympathize with the suffering masses and admire the ideals and achievements of many upper-class Chinese.

All along, however, they have felt helpless to right conditions and there is no one of them, doubtless, who has not asked himself dozens of times—Quo usque? Facing such conditions as have existed in China for the past fifteen years, it is easy to understand that a Catholic missioner in that country would welcome almost any event that would bring hope of improvement.

A marked change has come with this generation, a change which may be traced to western education given in Europe and America, as also in China itself. The western educated Chinese youth awoke gradually to the fact that his country was becoming the laughing-stock of the world, and a Chinese student does not like to lose "face." He has race pride and, if not a superiority complex, at least an appreciation, quite just, of excellence among his countrymen. He is very observant, too, and, while noting western progress along certain lines, he has not overlooked western shortcomings that have drawn his silent contempt and made him resent the more the treatment accorded his country.

The recent movement among Chinese students has been going on quietly for several years. The writer recalls an instance, in September, 1919, when students of Tientsin gathered outside the city for a parade that might awaken the people to what they believed to be a danger from Japan. Two thousand were assembled on that occasion, and when the police surrounded them they promised to be moderate and dignified. Still refused the opportunity to march, they threw themselves humbly on their knees and were finally allowed to proceed. In their speeches at that time, they wept as they described the plight of their country; and the practical result of their appeal was a successful boycott.

The spirit of Chinese students has changed considerably since then, and the development of student interest has broadened until it covers every province in the land. Their demand for independence, such as our own country enjoys, is certainly justified, but they are impatient and do not realize that adjustments can be made only gradually. With the impulse of youth and a consciousness of wrongs that should be righted, some Chinese students have made mistakes, many of them, which have given occasion to their being classed as radicals and Soviet sympathizers.

Many have lost the idea of discipline and are almost impossible to manage. Their attitude has been revealed by strikes in the schools, which have at times gone so far as to result in the beating of professors. This is an absolutely new phase in the conduct of the Chinese youth, who always had for their teachers a traditional respect bordering on awe. Western university training has been held responsible for the excesses of these students, since many of them, especially the noisiest and most active, have come forth from such training declared atheists, ridiculing the supernatural and repudiating their ancestral traditions.

The Catholic Church has not had a strong influence on Chinese students because, outside of a few places like Shanghai, the Church seems to have lacked the means to conduct higher educational establishments. This is to be deeply regretted because the Catholic Church would, undoubtedly, have given to young China, along with western education, a solid and satisfying religious foundation for its future conduct. Wherever young Chinese, ambitious for western culture, have come under her influence, excellent results have been obtained.

These have been made evident in the few Catholic educational centres of China and also, to a limited extent, in Europe where lay students from China have, for several years, been directed by some very zealous priests, notably Father Vincent Lebbe, a Lazarist mis-

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sioner from Belgium. Father Lebbe knows and loves China and its people. He lately returned to the land of his adoption and has been engaged in forming clubs of young men, one of which is already credited with several conversions and with having made a strong impression on one of the best-known leaders of the Southern Moderates. In the United States, about a dozen Chinese students have been accepted in as many Catholic educational institutions. The writer of this article has been personally interested in most of these.

While Catholic missioners generally have had little opportunity to develop interest in the youthful leaders of China, all realize that old China is no more and that a new China is coming into being, although the process cannot be completed without further disturbances and some ruin. Back of the movement they see many influences, some good and others evil, but they know that whatever comes the leaders of new China can hardly be more self-seeking than were those who, in the past fifteen years, have been trying, with such miserable results, to direct the country's affairs.

The Catholic missioner has a strong faith in the Chinese people. He admires their patience and long-suffering, and has often remarked that, if, in his own homeland, men and women could be found to suffer for Christ the physical discomforts to which hundreds and thousands of the Chinese are daily subjected, they would be looked upon as saints. The true Catholic missioner, too, naturally sympathizes with the aspirations of the people among whom he labors. He realizes that he is the representative of a world-wide organization whose aim is to help the Chinese form their own Church; and it follows that he should be most anxious to see the Chinese people gradually come to a position where they can control their own national life.

Nor does he despair of the student. A series of successes and the excitement consequent thereupon have naturally turned the heads of many students but, as the excitement dies down—perhaps through setbacks—there will come an appreciation of conditions, and the young Chinese will realize that in the missioner they will find their best friend.

As a rule, the rank and file of Chinese respect the missioners, most of whom, Protestant as well as Catholic, have had at heart the interests of the Chinese masses. The people have rarely had cause to suspect missioners of any but worthy motives in their regard. It is true that commercial and national agents have, at times, abused the friendship of missioners to strengthen their own interests, and that unfortunate impressions have been left as a result of such contacts. It may even be said that, in some instances, missioners have not been altogether blameless, but these instances have been very rare. Certainly when it is a question of getting at facts and opinions, there can be no comparison between the value of counsel given by missioners, who seek only the betterment of the people among whom they live, and that of commercial or political agents. Such agents, even if they go into the interior, will obtain only a superficial view of Chinese life while the missioners, living constantly among the people, must know them well.

It is said that certain foreign commercial interests, taking full advantage in China of low wages so as to overcome high tariff in their homeland and leave a large margin of profit, have been responsible, in some measure, for the lack of a living wage in China. In many instances this is doubtless true. Certainly the wages are, generally speaking, a miserable pittance, compelling unbelievable living conditions.

The watchers on the towers of Rome have for generations looked forward to just such an awakening as China is experiencing today. Pius XI, in a recent letter to the vicars and prefects apostolic of China, speaks of the eager solicitude the Church has always shown for the formation of a native clergy, to replace, eventually, the foreign missioners.

Innocent XI said to Bishop Pallu of the Paris Foreign Missions, who died in 1684 and was bishop over nine Chinese provinces, "I would rather hear of the ordination of one native priest than of the conversion of 50,000 pagans."

In 1685, the Chinese Bishop Luo Wen Tsao (known as Lopez) was consecrated, and his zeal, talents and virtues have been so extolled that one is puzzled to know why, until a few months ago, he should not have been followed by scores in the centuries that have passed. If this did not eventuate, certainly it was not for lack of approval and encouragement at Rome, from which have issued many documents recalling the tradition of the Church that in every country native bishoprics must be formed.

On this point we recall the strong words of Leo XIII: "It is the practice of the Church, since the days of the Apostles, that when the multitude shall have been taught the doctrine of Christ, some of their number shall be chosen for the priesthood and for the bishopric." The six Chinese bishops recently consecrated at Rome have returned and are today shepherding their flocks in China; and it is stated authoritatively that, before long, thirteen more will be added to this number. A score of native bishops are not many among the hosts of Chinese, but the movement is on; vocations are being cultivated as never before; the thousand and more native priests will, in a few years, be doubled; gradually the Church in China will be of the soil as certainly as is the Church in the United States today.

This will doubtless take generations, but we who are interested in the spread of the Catholic faith are fully justified in looking forward to a day when the last western missioner to China will recite his nunc dimittis. That day is not on our horizon, and the present duty of western Christians in America, as well as in Europe, is to help China as best they can to hasten it. We may hope, too, that the great nations of the West, by kind coöperation, will speed the day when China can lift her head and take her place among them.

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A PICKWICK HOLIDAY

By MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

THAT famous "first ray of light which illumines the gloom and converts into dazzling brilliancy that obscurity in which the earlier history of the public career of the immortal Pickwick would appear to be involved," actually slanted down out of the heavens just a hundred years ago. It was on May 12, 1827, that the first discoverable entries were made into the minutes of the Pickwick Club, telling of the delivery of a paper by Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, entitled Speculations on the Source of Hampstead Ponds, with Some Observations on the Theory of Tittle Bats, and the projecting of a tour by the corresponding committee. It was on May 13, 1827, that Mr. Pickwick, Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle started out on their mad, amazing, irrelevant journey, to become enrolled upon the records of immortality. The beautiful, beloved page still opens unerringly to the caress of the faithful hand, and the matchless story begins:

> That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open his chamber window, and looked out upon the world beneath.

That world seems almost as different from ours as were the worlds Odysseus traveled through, Don Quixote thought to relieve, or Dante pondered on. Already we have allowed to settle around it (for all its dark background of industrial riot, parliamentary difficulties, and international dispute) the aura of a romantic glory. It was a world of costermongers and crying hawkers, of tally-hos and discreet sedans, of link-boys and paraffin-venders, of church-bells ringing people up the Strand and coach-horns punctuating the staccato of hooves along the pleasant travel-routes of the land, of sunny gardens and sparkling winters in friendly open-hearted country homes—an easily moving pageant of drama and delight over every scene of which there presided, in truth, an intimate faith in mankind and a trust in human loving-kindness which the literature of a later day testifies to with self-confessed rarity. We remember it all and come back to our old praises of Dickens with the knowledge that however much his mastery has suffered through time's analysis, the permanent breadth and ecstasy, the unfailing zest and faith that were his, are still his today. For attitudes toward him have not, essentially, changed as much as one might suppose. The good in him has never been assailed, as have, at various times, the most salient merits of his contemporaries.

Accepted at all, he is accepted as his first readers welcomed him. Beyond his limitations (so often charged to self-education) in judgment and discernment, beyond his anaemic heroines and teeth-grinding villains, beyond the exaggerations and short-sightedness his many stories betray, beyond even that "comfort" Mr. Santayana has found him giving, there is in his achievement a substance and a sympathetic power which it will take many years and tremendous changes in taste and tradition to deny. And whenever the critic embarks on Dickensian analysis, he makes, almost involuntarity, a preliminary reservation in favor of Pickwick. That youthful masterpiece still rises before us in all its vagrant, miscellaneous, casual beauty, imbued with the fragrance of affection and young ardor, constantly renewed in life by the imperishable liveliness every page provides. Fulfilled with the glow of promise and the warmth of yet unrendered meanings, the work stands in the company it has so long won: benevolent, alarmed, rosy-cheeked Mr. Pickwick bows along with Don Quixote and Gil Blas, wandering Meister and troubled Hamlet, mystic Arthur and darkling Roland. Around him the visions and thoughts of dreamers have associated themselves, and he is forever one of the heroes whose names are rock-hewn in the memory and affection of mankind.

The anniversary of his first appearance suggests, then, as most important, a stock-taking of all his coming into the fellowship of the immortals has marked. Since then, many forms of beauty and nobility have been created in literature, and many wise and troubling things have happened to find reflection here. And for all of this The Pickwick Papers may well constitute a focal point, a summarizing agency. Around us today writing has come to present itself with many virtues and oft-asserted advantages. Qualification of motive, cool-headed and scientific caution, comparative freedom from the dangers of distortion and error, a greater logic and truth—in these the superiority of the modern mind is said to be found. The resources of fiction, as based upon these, have been so painstakingly surveyed by the modern critic, that there should be no question about its scope and power. But the general temper of the time too much sanctions an indulgence in tentatives. Not only does it hesitate to risk itself among the assertions of absolutism and dogma; to that reluctance have been adjusted the very forms of art themselves.

This marks almost every English novel of the last twenty years and in the trait there is a wisdom. Yet just as unquestionably, there has been created a confining, limiting caution. For what has been gained in form, credibility, and sureness of method, there has been, somehow, a loss. The dryness of Arnold Bennett testifies to it, the dullness of Masters, Dreiser, and the realists shows it. For all the claims of the later verisimilitude, the fecundity of Fielding has been missed as much as the free play of fancy in the roman-

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tics. The psychological novel and the method it employs have been gains in literature, but even in the hands of masters like Meredith and James the overplay of analysis and diagnosis has marred the beauty and freedom of the play we expect life to show.

What is lacking in these different instances does not, for us now, detract from the insight and power with which we have credited the later narrators. But it is, nevertheless, the thing which The Pickwick Papers so undeniably have. It is the roundness of viewpoint, the firm hold on life, the inability to see things by halves, and the power of rendering forth experience in terms which actually possess all the control and range of the concept behind. It is abundance: this quality of great imaginative masterpieces whereby they seem to seize life perfectly by building up structures endless in detail, authentic with humorous and tragic truth, immortally sound through all their distractions and cluttered merits, because at the bottom lies a creative force whereon each bit and fraction draws for life. Its basis is the direct sympathy and the simple faith we are daily forced to acknowledge, no matter how much changing modes in art and thought ask us to discredit and disregard them.

This abundance works itself out in different ways in great fiction: in humor, satire, adventure, mystery, homeliness, misadventure, sympathy, and idealization of motive. Pickwick employs them all, and in and around the myriad incidents and swarming characters there is a vitality which gives to the mass a constant, nervous impulse. Surtees with Jorrocks, Trollope with the Barset milieu, Thackeray among the snobs, Stevenson in the rich fields of romance, and Wells in his amazingly responsive lower-middle class all showed an unstinting zeal in creation. Seeing the human comedy was, in different ways, their task. But the necessary enthusiasm for making masterpieces is more difficult to find. Not even Vanity Fair found an absolute and faithful guide through the maelstrom. Pickwick did. It lacks many of the materials the eventful century was to make available. It fails in many of the opportunities its action brushed up against. But its author, somehow knowing his limitations, substituted for them a true sense of universals, the very key to world-mastery. Around the ancient travel device of the timeless epics he built, in solid, sound, yet graceful, fanciful terms. To enclose within the space of a narrative today as much variety and observation, and yet to do it in surprising ways, it has become almost necessary to adopt the method of Ulysses, probably the one modern instance of a work freely credited with having all the scope and resource of mastery. But here the whole conscious attitude and experiment, as well as the ingrowing scorn and despair, seem to deny the presence of ultimate truth and grandeur.

Pickwick, in its very large design, is written all over life. The twentieth-century writers we think of most often as specialists: in romantic fancy, like De la Mare, Barrie, and Hewlett, as well as David Garnett and Miss Townsend Warner; in analysis, like James and Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Richardson; in satirical appraisal, like Aldous Huxley and his various imitators; in realism, like Anderson, Powys, and Dreiser. But here, during the winding tour, accretions come and come. All the eighteenth-century variety of irony, humor, and realism is embraced, and the growths of the new century are anticipated. The haphazardly introduced stories do more than suggest derivations and influences; they balance, with ghost and spectre and allegory, against the saner humor and provide a practical source-book of Anglo-Saxon narrative. The heights of invention are scaled. Reviewers today are constantly obliged to point out in novels the bareness of concept and the meagreness of the disguise provided for it. Novelists once promising (those of W. L. George's disappointing prophecy of 1913, for instance) have slumped into pitiful repetition. Others, in self-conscious attempts to enlarge upon their skill, enter, unsuccessfully, strange fields.

To see life fully, feeling every impulse in it accurately, is the first great task of the creative artist. But in going on to extend and amplify the initial vision the trials of writing come. Even Dickens did not bear the test strongly. Yet for a century it has probably been the canon of Pickwick which has enabled us most effectively to evaluate literary invention. It has been called the "last of the great epics," and if one remembers the old phrase which stated that world epics, in addition to grandeur and heroism, must possess two unfailing attributes, impossibility and triviality, one grants the truth of the contention. These exquisite and intangible qualities often seem impossible for modern civilized art to grasp. How Dickens managed to fasten on to them so surely may be due to various causes: his youth, his impudent delight in life, his unharnessed intellect. But in his first great triumph he so combined sympathy with fabulous occasion and truth with absurdity that the balance becomes one of the greatest and surest indicators of what he achieved.

Current dismissal of those who claim that the giants among the arts are dead is too well-warranted to need a reprimand. Yet the measuring-stick of old mastery has never been discarded by the wise. The old glories and beauties still wait for constant re-discovery by young readers for whom the delights of tradition are most carefully perpetuated. The anniversary of Mr. Pickwick calls particularly for observance, for no work was ever written in a more dauntless spirit of festivity and occasion than his saga. While we stop to look at what the recollection of that beloved history may mean for us and our modern view of literature, there should be no moment's hesitation about jubilant dancing and a joyful raising of glasses in one vast unanimous toast. The sun that saw his first momentous appearance still shines with meaning on all he represents to us now. To him we are all faithful Sams. Between him and humanity there forever "exists a steady and reciprocal attachment which nothing but death will terminate."

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CHARCOAL FUMES

By MacKINLEY HELM

IN THAT most undergraduate of epochs, the fin de siécle, a noticeable number of sensitive persons in England either committed suicide or entered the Roman Church.

It is fair enough to call the 'nineties undergraduate because there were in those days so many sincere imposters and so many posturing sincerities; because, that is, there was a passionate perception of important difficulties, together with a will to find a dashing, though facile, solution for them: the kind of thing that makes it quite impossible for the adult person living in the world to understand the undergraduate living in the unworld of the university. Thus Amy Levy, that fastidious poet, inhaled charcoal fumes issuing from a bowl set into an exquisitely wrought iron tripod, her intimate friends meanwhile languishing in her drawing-room, attending her death. Thus Aubrey Beardsley, master of a cold but delicate art, whom Arthur Symons calls "anima naturaliter pagana," found comfort at the point of death in the ministrations of his newly acquired Mother. The death of Amy Levy and the baptism of Aubrey Beardsley were dramatic events calculated, while they astonished London, to accomplish an identical purpose: salvation from an unlovely world. The same purpose animates sensitive young people of our day. A handful of them have chosen crude forms of the Amy Levy mode of achieving that end. Perhaps still others are newly finding that salvation in religion. Salvation they must have, at any price.

It is precisely because they found evil in the world or evil in themselves that English artists in the 'nineties made an end to their lives. The real cause being too profound—albeit being simple—the world invented all sorts of irrelevant causes, and gossiped much about them. All London set itself to just such futile speculation concerning suicide as American editors and reporters indulge themselves in now. Hardly anybody had heard that up in Cambridge Mr. A. E. Housman was saying:

> But play the man, stand up and end you,
> When your sickness is your soul.

If such a one had heard of soul-sickness, he wouldn't have known what it meant.

Of course it would be expecting too much to suppose that soul-sickness is the invariable cause of suicide. But of this we may be confident: the causes of suicide are not commonly superficial. Sometimes there may be complex but comprehensible pathological causes. Sometimes suicide may be the result of boredom, as with Hedda Gabler: but even boredom can be profoundly tragic. More accountably, however, there is that sensitiveness in undergraduates, as in artists, to a fundamental and intolerable wrongness in the world of their experience; and whereas certain hardy and perdurable souls go in for reform waves, these others seek only an opportunity of escape. The journalists are amazed, and call them sophomores. Now while it is fair to point out that these unhappy souls posture even in their hurt, and have an eye for the spectacular even in their sincerity, it is unfair to call them sophomoric simply because they have done a thing which is not only effective but also obvious. It is not adequate to call suicide silly; to lament it; to describe it as either brave or cowardly; or even to point to a rubric in the Burial Office forbidding the use of the service over a suicidal grave. One has to see that a young man who entertains thoughts of suicide is not necessarily deranged, nor even morbid; but that his spirit is sick by reason of that infectious evil that surrounds him, or resides within him; and then one has to show him another way of escape which is equally salutary and sufficiently romantic. One is under obligation to offer some measure of safety in the world in return for the imposition of an anathema upon the act of self-annihilation.

Mr. Housman impressed undergraduates at Cambridge with his doctrines because he understood that it is natural for serious young men to think seriously of suicide. He and they thought of it seriously together, back in the days of the Shropshire Lad, whereas their priests, under pain of sin, and their journalists, under pain of ignorance, were disapproving, sceptical, or frankly uncomprehending. As a matter of fact, of course, suicide is reasonable enough. It accomplishes an immediate end. One's ground for disapproving of it is that it is unsuitable, because the end which it seeks to accomplish is not sufficiently idealistic.

The primary cause of suicide being what it is, it is impossible not to engage in a momentary combat with the "problem of evil." By way of preliminary one can admit, straightway, that the Catholic Church does not pretend to solve the problem of evil. But she holds the optimistic view, which enables her to cope with it, that God hates evil. At the time when Saint Paul was writing to the Church at Rome certain Jews were inquiring how God, Who had never really demonstrated His own righteousness, could venture to call anybody else either righteous or unrighteous. Saint Paul explained that God showed in the sacrifice of Christ upon the Cross exactly what He thinks about evil; how utterly He abhors it. Unless one believes that the world is entirely and irrevocably under the domination of an evil power, one can discern in the Incarnation ground for moral hopefulness, for therein has the good God declared His unalterable opposition to all that fails of being good. He was willing to enter into conflict with evil in order to save the world. No man can now face

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the evil in the world with more assurance than the Christian, whose God has plainly revealed His good will.

On the one hand, then, you have evil: for which can be substituted any of its specific forms, pain, sickness, suffering, wickedness, sin—in short, any of the experiences which make life unlovely and unendurable. On the other hand, there is the revealed Divine attitude toward evil: an attitude which, with all its insistence, does not purport to be infallibly cathartic. We ask, naturally, to what extent does that attitude provide assistance for one who, finding this world undesirable, contemplates suicide? It is not easy to compound and then to compact answers. Perhaps there is reason, first of all, in this: one who is sensitive enough to mourn over this world's ills is likewise able to perceive whatever of beauty resides in the universe. The God Who hates evil is to be thought of as willing whatsoever is lovely. Creation then progresses in the direction of the beautiful and the good. Providence beholds within itself an ideal of life which is perfectly desirable. And present fortitude can be cultivated by men who are hopeful for the future.

Of course it is rarely that purely cosmic pains produce in people the states of mind which lead to suicide. More commonly it is when the individual shares in the universal distress that he begins to wish to disengage himself from the universe. For such a one, the Incarnation offers not only such hope as makes living endurable, but likewise a certain new impulse to restate the purpose of living. The first of these implications of the Incarnation is a favorite subject of preachers. Jesus in the Gospels is confronted by every sort of evil: He demonstrates God's willingness to overcome it. He heals the sick: the physically and the mentally sick. He is the tender companion of the weak, the sinner, the outcast. What Jesus did in the Gospels He does now in His Resurrection life. In the Gospels He teaches, eternally, that even in this life a man can be reborn into a new life which is tranquil, impregnable against the forces of evil—utterly desirable, merely by turning to God with the confidence which a child shows in a good father. In that confident turning to God, which is faith, there is lost that unutterable and lonely weariness in which comes temptation to abandon life. Companioned by the Holy Spirit of God, one enters—by what miracle of revolution!—into the new life.

It is not to be expected that Saint Paul's attitude toward his own experiences with evil will be acquired by young people to whom Christian ideas are new. But one must observe that he found in the Crucifixion of Christ, besides the hope of redemption from evil, a complementary impulse to share with Christ in that suffering through which He accomplished redemption. Thus in his letter to the Colossians he rejoices in the accession to the number of his own sufferings because thereby he is able the more nearly to endure in his own life the multiplicity of the sufferings of Christ. There is much of heroism and wistfulness and understanding in youth—of the romantic spirit—to be caught hold of by a desire to endure as Christ endured. The first Franciscans were many of them such youngsters: and pretty much the sort that, failing to find in life what it expects, turns instead to death.

Anybody who has been an undergraduate knows with what anxiety the meaning of life is sought. At college there is sufficient leisure for speculation and introspection: there is time to discover that the world in itself is not so very glorious. There is time to feel the pain of disillusionment. People outside of colleges dream of the enchantment of college life. People in them groan under the burden of disenchantment. For inside and outside of the college walls, no man can find the meaning of his life if it is empty of the supernatural.

It is possible to be fairly successful at college: to belong to the beau monde, to make Phi Beta Kappa, presumably, even, to win a football letter, and yet to be conscious of a terrifying vacuity. A disillusioned youth needs God and the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints. In the 'nineties you found people of the same temperament doing one of two things: perhaps not deliberating between two alternatives, not consciously choosing between death and Catholicism; yet of two poets appearing in the same number of the Yellow Book, one died by his own hand and the other was converted. The impulses to remote ends appear to have been alike. What happened? The latter received from the hand of a friend who (literally) drew him back from death, the Cross, medicina mundi. Sentimental? The death of the other was no less so. Many a saint has entered the Church a disillusioned spirit.

It may be, unhappily, only from the point of view of one who is already enough of a Christian to understand the glowing possibilities of the Christian life that it appears attractive to proceed in a way of life which will help God carry out His benevolent plan for the establishment of the kingdom of the good. It is somehow in this connection that suicide stands out as pitifully unsuitable: it falls lamentably short of the fulfillment of an ideal of a universe which is to be achieved by the servants of God laboring under His direction. For ultimately, if one is to find purpose where now futility is, one must be pointed, like creation, toward the good. One must be in league with God.

Home

A traffic whistle's distant shrill
  Brought back to me again
Country mornings wakened by
  A blackbird's high refrain.

I journeyed home, and there I found
  A morning bird's refrain
Sang far-off traffic tunes to me—
  I'm back in town again!

F. T. Kolars.

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FATHER FURDEK—LEADER

By STEPHEN J. PALICKAR

ANYONE who reviews the history of the Slovak people in America is likely to find that the name of Father Furdek gleams through it everywhere. And how could it be otherwise? This man who, in his humility and unostentatious strength, struggled persistently to establish a solid foundation upon which the people of his race could build future religious and social environment, was one of the greatest leaders ever developed among immigrants to the United States. Every people, regardless of race, creed or color, needs a leader. Reverend Stephen, or Father Furdek, as he was preferably called by the people of his race, was probably a genius; and we shall consider his noblest achievement, so that by comparing him with others an understanding of his best work may be arrived at.

The Reverend Stephen Furdek was a Slovak priest who devoted his adult life of sixty years to the development of Slovak Americans into good citizens through his ability as a religious, social as well as political organizer. Few priests have ever so represented a people in their newly adopted land, served them so faithfully and influenced their destinies so profoundly as he did. Through the infinite verity of his ways, his zeal, his piety and magnanimity, the Slovak people in America became attached to the new land. The vastness of his labor in performing this somewhat pedagogical task has been so great that even unto this day the Slovaks of America scarcely seem to realize fully all that he has done for them.

Born on September 2, 1855, in a small town called Trstend, Orava County, Slovakia—now the Czecho-Slovak republic—of poor Slovak Catholic parents, Furdek was destined for the priesthood long before his parents were able to decide upon his vocation. After receiving some preliminary education at Nitra, once the capital of the great Slovakian kingdom, young Furdek was sent to Prague. Here he set himself to study with all the methodical madness of youth, realizing that decisions and choices were being made which were to determine his character and destiny.

Apart from his ecclesiastical aspirations, Furdek had been firmly tinged with the tenderness of things that are Slovak, for next to God he loved his country and its people of whom faith had made him the leader and most brilliant representative in the land of their adoption, America.

In the vicinity of 1870, Slovak immigration to America had increased with such astonishing rapidity that Bishop Gilmour, then in charge of the Cleveland diocese, found it somewhat difficult to minister adequately to the religious needs of the Slovaks, who, owing to industrial advantages, had preferred to settle in that part of the country. He soon saw that the religious requirements of the Slovaks could be best taken care of if he could but have an able Slovak priest come into his diocese—a man who possessed the necessary tact and ability to gather the widely scattered Slovaks into the proper rank and file. Bishop Gilmour immediately forwarded his requests to the bishops of Slovakia (then under the Hungarian rule) for a priest, and as Furdek, though still a student in the seminary, had exhibited great strength of character and promise of unusual ability to deal with diverse people, he was selected by the Hungarian bishops as "the man." Doubtless the mettle in young Furdek must have been excellent, for with only four years of theology he was commissioned to go to America. He arrived in this country on March 15, 1882, and was ordained a priest in July of the same year.

It became evident that Father Furdek possessed every attribute required of a possible leader, for no sooner had he been ordained than he began going about the country organizing the Slovak people into groups of church societies and parish clubs. Later on, churches were built, also through his efforts.

Conspicuous among the many societies founded by Father Furdek, the largest and most influential are the First Catholic Union in the United States of America. (Prvá Katolícka Slovenská Jednota v Spojenych Statoch Americkych). This organization is the largest of any Slovak organization in America and it proudly boasts of its membership of nearly 55,000 Slovak Catholic men. It is now assisting many religious, charitable, educational and civic authorities, and exerts an international influence throughout the Slovanic world. Amongst the other societies founded by Father Furdek are the First Catholic Slovak Ladies Union, with a membership of 30,000, and the Slovak League of America, a political organization.

Father Furdek also discovered that there was an urgent need for Slovak literature in America. Considering that the continuity of Slovak national character could only be found in Slovak expression, he immediately set about establishing Slovak newspapers and magazines, many of which are still flourishing. The Jednota (Union) or Unity, the most powerful Slovak periodical in America, was established by Furdek.

Aside from this, Father Furdek wrote several books for the Slovak people on varied subjects, but his favored theme in writing was based on The World and Its Mysteries (Svet a Jého Zahódy). Living in a social, political, literary, artistic and religious, as well as philosophical environment, one might say that Furdek was the soul of the American Slovak people. He died on January 18, 1915, but his name will forever be memorable in Slovakian history both in America and in the country of his birth. The American Slovaks will, indeed, remember his unbending courage and fidelity, and will forever follow in the path of his footsteps, neither meddling nor crusading, but always looking forward to the highest achievements of mankind with the wisdom of their forefathers and the profusion of the great gifts which the Heavenly Father has bestowed upon them.

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THE MOROCCANS

By JACQUES OHANA

MUCH has been written about Morocco and its people since the career and downfall of Abd-el-Krim. As a native of Morocco, I have read these tales with interest, and have noted, frequently with amusement, the ingenuity of newspaper correspondents engaged at the task, so simple in appearance, of giving the American people an idea of Moroccan life. It has been a futile attempt, and with the exception of a good paper here and there, it has been far from showing the realities of Morocco. An example of this occurs in a much-discussed article in one of the leading American periodicals, in which a correspondent goes so far as to give specific details regarding the kind and the quantities of food that guests at a Moorish dinner are required to consume. This would be a genuine revelation to a Moorish host!

Morocco is probably the only Mohammedan country that still remains tightly closed to western civilization and ways. The Moors with whom European visitors come in contact during their short stay are totally different folk in their own private lives. Their tact and innate good manners make them show off their home-life just as they think fit, but though they oppose intrusion with a smile, they would, if need be, use violence to stop a stranger from trespassing. However, to strangers introduced by a friend they will show the usual hospitality, which in most cases is limited to a dinner composed of a number of courses. At that dinner none of the relatives will ever appear—that would be letting strangers into the home. Their hospitality is part of their education, part of their fatalistic philosophy that makes them accept the foreign guests as everything Allah sends, good or bad, passively and with kindly grace.

The opinion of the higher class of Moroccans regarding the present state of affairs in the Riff will never be known, or asked, for that matter; they would not discuss it or even mention it in the presence of foreigners to their faith and creed. We have seen tribes change camp overnight during the Riff wars. They undoubtedly passed to Abd-el-Krim more readily than they came back to submission to the French. But there was a time in May, 1925, when the French were none too sure of their position in the whole of Morocco. If Abd-el-Krim had then taken Fez, orders had been broadcast in the Sous, southern Morocco, where Hadji Tami el Glaoui is lord and master, even over and above the sultan, for all his tribes to join the cause of Abd-el-Krim. The signal was to be the taking of Fez. But Abd-el-Krim did not know then, as he did not know when he was under the walls of Melilla two years before, that a very little effort was needed. The defense was practically nil and the French lines were broken. But Krim was bewildered by his victories and did not dare go any further. He hesitated and lost.

The history of Morocco from the days of the Roman empire is a continuity of wars, internal, external or inter-tribal. Many have been the heroic feats and many the great battles won on land and sea by the sultans and self-appointed leaders of parties. Did not their colonies include part of Provence in the south of France? At that time they owned Sicily and the invasion of the southern part of Italy was started. The empire went from Carthage to Cordoba and Seville, and Granada stands to tell the tale of the grandeur of the ill-fated dynasty of the Saadiens. In the downfall of this house begins the wreckage of the Moroccan empire.

Beautiful are the songs, and wonderful are the stories of the sad days when, abandoned and defeated, Boabdil had to leave one enchanted palace after the other in his beloved Andalusia, retreating from the battlefields where the best of his followers had died so valiantly. Nowadays, in Morocco, we still have descendants of those exiled families of 500 years ago, whose appearance and manners tell the aristocracy of their stock, who religiously and with childish faith conserve the key that locked the door of the palace in Cordoba, Granada or Seville, whence their ancestors fled from the advancing armies of the Catholic kings.

It is strange that so few ever stop to think of this part of the history of Morocco. But those who still remember it, the aristocracy of Fez and Sale whose ancestors once owned Andalusia, cannot but favor the cause of the rebel leader. Abd-el-Krim, who is so wrongly considered a barbarian and a savage, failed in an enterprise similar to that in which Charles V of Spain succeeded.

One is also tempted to compare the life of Abd-el-Krim with that of Napoleon I. One day we may read or hear that he died in some dark and unknown place in that exile where it took two modern armies combined to drive him. Like Napoleon, he will have died of nostalgia for his native hills. But wherever he goes or whatever his fate is to be at the hands of his enemies, in his own heart he knows that his memory will be alive in Morocco forever, and that his name will go down in the war annals of the empire as one of the great heroes of all times. Nothing more may be ever said about him, but he will not fall into oblivion. That will be his one consolation.

Hospital Room

And has that narrow corridor
Where steps pace to and fro,
Really an end, really a stair?
And do these folk that always cross my door
Pass down that way and go?

These close, high walls—outside of them
Do shadows move in vain
Thinking they live? When life is here,
All life, imprisoned in one crystal gem
Of patience and of pain.

SALLY ELLIOTT ALLEN.

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SAINT MICHAEL'S IN TORONTO

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THOUGH I have seen Saint Michael's College, Toronto, Canada, only once, it is not likely that I shall ever forget it. The sprawling border-city, then dotted with unfinished railway terminals, ex-soldiers out of work and vile places where beer legally forbidden was on sale, fascinated me chiefly by reason of the many book "emporiums" where low prices were scribbled into worn volumes from all parts of Ontario. These stores of literature out at the elbows were innocent and cordial for the most part, but I doubt if there could have been found anywhere else so shining an array of broadsides fired at "Romanism." This printed attack upon the "anti-Christ" made use of a thousand ruses and excuses. Most of it would have proved very funny if one had spent time investigating it a little. But in the aggregate this mass of historical, philosophical and religious bigotry was so great that one had perforce to accept it as evidence of the alleged fact that Ontario was—perhaps still is—the headquarters of that army which steadily marches against the windmill it has labeled Rome.

Then, however, one came to Saint Michael's. It is not a pretentious place, as academia goes nowadays, but it stands for an experiment in education so original and so interesting that one wonders how it ever happened into being, in Toronto of all places. Here is a Catholic college which is frankly part of the University of Toronto. Its graduates, though educated and examined strictly within its own confines, receive the university degrees. Its students—all of whom follow an arts program—are free to attend lectures in any section of the university as a whole, free of charge. Established side by side with similar Anglican and Methodist colleges, it has today a larger enrollment than its Anglican peer. Special functions arranged by its faculty draw attendance from the university generally, and it may be said to do incalculably much toward the removal of prejudice and the promotion of better religious understanding. To it have come teachers of eminence, Sir Bertram Windle and Professor De Wulf being outstanding contemporary examples.

This is not the place to compare the educational practice exemplified by Saint Michael's with what is being done elsewhere under Catholic auspices. In the United States it is generally believed that religious training will be most successful when conducted in institutions aspiring to be something like what Dr. Ralph Adams Cram has termed "walled towns." Suffice it to say that the Toronto college has established a goodly record, not only in so far as scholarship is concerned, but also from the point of view of religious conviction. Among its graduates are illustrious bishops and monsignori, clerics and religious teachers. It has frankly declared its spiritual purpose, and has done excellently in so far as general university conditions are concerned. When one has realized the milieu out of which it developed and the stupendous tasks it was called upon to perform, one sees clearly that those who indicated the direction which Saint Michael's was to follow were wise and valiant men.

There are many reasons for discussing such a place, but a very special one happens into view just now. Saint Michael's has been observing its diamond jubilee. During two days following May 10, those connected with the college during the present and the past could listen to the pleasant messages of recognition which came from other Canadian scholarly circles, to discussion of what had been done and earnest survey of the possible future, to brilliant speakers assembled for the occasion. Monsignor Pace and Father Francis Duffy came from the United States, and fair fortune brought Bishop Baudrillart, rector of the Institut Catholique in Paris. One and all realized the good that Saint Michael's had accomplished for Catholics in English-speaking central Canada, and were ready to look hopefully forward. I may say here that quite apart from the helpful friendship it has always received from Professor Sir Bertram Windle, The Commonweal owes to Saint Michael's a debt of gratitude for many things. Through it have come a large share of the numerous good friends the magazine has made in the Dominion. We have, therefore, an intimately personal reason, quite apart from any calm appreciation of good work well done, for adding our congratulations to the many already extended—for wishing Saint Michael's pleasant memories, a long and growing life, a developing opportunity to be of service.

The memories are complex and illustrious. In 1850, Count Armand Francis Marie de Charbonnel, newly consecrated bishop of the vast see of Toronto, confronted in dismay the poor educational facilities available for the people entrusted to his care. Like so many other missionary prelates of his time, he turned to apparently inexhaustible Catholic France and asked for help from the newly established Basilian order. This had originally been founded to undertake the education of priests; but it summoned the strength to carry another burden, and in 1852 several religious arrived in Toronto and began to teach. Gradually interest and generosity were aroused, building commenced, and in 1856 people began to speak of the "Stonyhurst of Canada." In 1897, federation with the University of Toronto was arranged, making Saint Michael's what is termed a "constituent college." Finally, about 1905, the constitution was revised and the institution became what it is now—the Catholic College of the University of Toronto. To it there have since been affiliated two colleges for women, which enjoy virtually the same principles. The enrollment is now 200, and there is every reason to believe that, with bettering economic conditions in the Dominion, this number will be greatly increased. It should be added that Canadian education is still quite "old-fashioned." Believing in the letter of the educational law, it would give many United States students headaches from which they are now immune.

Much might be said about other good work accomplished by the Basilians throughout Canada. One should like also to draw attention to certain specific characteristics of the college itself—the work of the Philosophical Club, for instance, which is the only organization of its kind in the University of Toronto and which offers programs that might well be the envy of major United States universities. Enough has been said, however, to justify the statement that Saint Michael's seventy-fifth anniversary merits the attention of the Church in all America, by reason of the things it has done and the hopes it enkindles.

The college, for its part, had its share of hardships and growing pains. Father Soulerin, its founder and later on superior-general of the Basilian order, was one of those pioneer French religious educators who seem to have inherited the spirit of Napoleon's Guard. In the spiritual history of America these men are the Stonewall Jacksons and the Admiral Deweys. What difference did it make to Father Soulerin if there were only fifty Catholic families all told in his neighborhood? Neither isolation nor poverty made any task less worth doing, or ever robbed the savor of those "apt quotations from the classics" which, we are informed, used to accompany, in his conversation, indulgence in an ample pinch of snuff. After him came other notable priests and scholars, one among whom—Father Cushing—lives to see the golden jubilee of his sacerdotal life coincide with the diamond-crested jubilations of the college.

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POEMS

Mountains

This bridge with stone is pillared under.
Across the arch the traffic shrills;
Beneath, the cars and engines thunder,
And the river. Between the hills
The valley listens and the city screams—
But mountains dream their immemorial dreams.

For eons lifting their blue roof,
Mountains recall when life began,
Before there was a hand or hoof.
In those dim days they hid for man
A mightiness like their own massive might,
High loveliness like their own lovely height;

Stonehenge is of them, and the Wall
Of China; from their ample bone
Are temples, obelisks, and all
Old loftiness man cut from stone.
And even from their ribs our white desire
Fashioned the Gothic glory of the spire.

CATHERINE MOORE.

Youth

I have outgrown the museums, and the shelves
Of books—well-bound and gold-leafed—kept on show
Behind barred doors of glass, collecting dust in slow
Decay—a mausoleum of dead authors' selves
Tagged "classical" and "rare" by so-and-so;
And frames containing ancients' ugly lines,
Botched masterfully, and hung row on row. . . .
Only old music holds me, and old wines.

I would have leaves upon a tree, not piles
Of brown things rotting in a field; the hues
Of sunset, not dull afterglows that lose
Themselves among the hills; long sturdy files
Of marchers on the road, not dust behind;
Not banners furled, but streaming in the wind.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

Awakening

When shall I follow the keen spears gleaming
Sharp in the sun above dust-blowing tracks,
Down where each proud-borne banner is streaming,
Voiced with the wind like a whip that cracks;

Down where the path is barren and blinding,
Blazed in the plain by the heroes of yore,
Mounting and pitching, wearily winding,
Strewn with the bones of the men before;

Leaving the smooth, calm ways to go trailing
Endlessly after a dull, grey dawn,
Bent by the load and the four winds' flailing,
Drunk with the wine of the bitter morn?

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING.

Before All Worlds

When the first stars come out on summer nights,
And the last sweet-shrill martins are gone home
Out of the sunset's rosy ashen dome,
Weary at last of their ecstatic flights,

The arrowy joy of their swift going and coming
In the pellucid atmosphere of even—
When the first stars come out in June's clear heaven,
My soul gets quit at last of all her roaming,

And she returns to her first sanctities,
To towns that rest beneath an angel's wing,
To bells that in the winds of evening
Modulate all the syllables of peace:

To the mysterious and unchanging God,
Beyond our gropings merciful and wise,
Who, while the starlight steals into the skies,
Blesses the weary flowers that drowse and nod
With infinite pure hands and loving eyes.

WILFRED CHILDE.

The Half-Remembered

A face that Cimabue set
On fresco plaster in the spring
Of Thirteen Hundred glimmers yet,
A lovely thing.

The seeping moisture and the mold
Have caused once perfect strokes to blur.
Today the painting is less bold
And lovelier.

Five years ago an artist drew
As perfect features in my mind,
A picture which he thought was you,
Clearly outlined.

And still the portrait hangs in place
Blurring behind close bolted doors,
Grown lovelier. But now, the face
Was never yours.

A. K. LAING.

The Swallow

He knows Queen Lab, her isle,
And black, enormous Kaf,
The Swallow, and "Allah,"
He cries,

As into Giour lands
With Dervish faith and rite,
Hueless, a Saracen,
He flies.

Like scimitars his wings,
And, all unluminous,
Black like a genie's thought,
His eyes.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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COMMUNICATIONS

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The attached clipping from The Book of Anecdotes of the Rebellion, compiled by Frazer Kirkland and published in Chicago by H. C. Stebbins in 1887, may be of interest to your readers at this time, in view of the fact that Attorney Marshall, who has seen fit to question Governor Smith's patriotism, is an Episcopalian.

Evidently our Episcopalian friends, being human, have sometimes found it awkward to reconcile religious formula with patriotism in time of war; as witness Dr. Goodrich's refusal to pray for the President of the United States:

"An event occurred one day during General Butler's career in New Orleans, which brought that officer into such direct collision with the Episcopal clergy, that New Orleans was not considered by the General large enough to contain both parties in the controversy.

"On a Sunday morning, early in October, Major Strong entered the office of the General in plain clothes, and said:

" 'I haven't been able to go to church since we came to New Orleans. This morning I am going.'

"He crossed the street and took a front seat in the Episcopal church of Dr. Goodrich, opposite the mansion of General Twiggs. He joined in the exercises with the earnestness which was natural to his devout mind, until the clergyman reached that part of the service where the prayer for the President of the United States occurs. That prayer was omitted, and the minister invited the congregation to spend a few moments in silent prayer. The young officer had not previously heard of this mode of evading, at once, the requirements of the church and the orders of the commanding general. He rose and said:

" 'Stop, sir. It is my duty to bring these exercises to a close. I came here for the purpose, and the sole purpose, of worshipping God; but inasmuch as your minister has seen fit to omit invoking a blessing, as our church service requires, upon the President of the United States, I propose to close the services.'

"The clergyman, astounded, began to remonstrate.

" 'This is no time for discussion, sir,' said the Major.

"The minister was speechless and indignant. The ladies flashed wrath upon the officer, who stood motionless with folded arms. The men scowled at him. The minister soon pronounced the benediction, the congregation dispersed, and Major Strong retired to report the circumstances at headquarters.

"This brought the matter to a crisis. General Butler sent for the Episcopal clergymen, Dr. Leacock, Dr. Goodrich, Dr. Fulton, and others, who were all accustomed to omit the prayer for the President, and pray in silence for the triumph of treason. The General patiently and courteously argued the point with them at great length, quoting Bible, rubrics and history, with his wonted fluency. They replied that, in omitting the prayer, they were only obeying the orders of the Right Reverend Major-General Polk, their ecclesiastical superior. The General denied the authority of that military prelate to change the liturgy, and contended that the omission of the prayer, in the peculiar circumstances of the time and place, was an overt act of treason.

" 'But, General,' said Dr. Leacock, 'your insisting upon the taking of the oath of allegiance is causing half of my church members to perjure themselves.'

" 'Well,' replied the General, 'if that is the result of your nine years' preaching; if your people will commit perjury so freely, the sooner you leave your pulpit the better.'

"After further conversation, Dr. Leacock asked:

" 'Well, General, are you going to shut up the churches?'

" 'No, sir, I am more likely to shut up the ministers.'

"The clergymen showing no disposition to yield, General Butler ended the interview by stating his ultimatum: 'Read the prayer for the President, omit the silent act of devotion, or leave New Orleans prisoners of state for Fort Lafayette.'

"They chose the latter—Dr. Leacock, Dr. Goodrich and Dr. Fulton—and were duly shipped on board a transport."

TERENCE O'DONNELL.

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—As a recent convert from Canterbury to Rome, I have been reading your communications on the two varieties of Anglicanism with great interest.

To my mind, no one has yet sufficiently indicated the really significant division of this communion into two camps, the High Church and the Low.

I was born and bred in the Low Church. In my later teens I became interested in the ritualist branch of my church, believing, as I did, that it was closer to Christ's teachings and more in accordance with the traditions of historic Christianity.

I was also firmly convinced of the existence of a wide-spread movement in the High Church, which took place directly after Mr. G. K. Chesterton's conversion, toward reunion with Rome. It was with disappointment that I came to realize that no such wide-spread movement obtained, and that at best it was confined to a few earnest individuals. After giving more study to the question, I became converted to the position of the historic Catholic Church, of which I am now a member.

The two schools of Anglicanism appear to an impartial Catholic observer as all but mutually exclusive. On the one hand, there is the majority party, the Low Church, confessedly Protestant and evangelical in tone, and bearing unmistakably the influence of Puritanism. On the other hand, there is the growing minority party, the High Church with its seven sacraments, Catholic practices (many of which are avowedly post-Reformation) glorifying in the name of "Catholic" and teaching, in its extreme form, I think I can truthfully say, practically all papal doctrines save only the doctrine of papal infallibility itself. The two parties differ in their interpretation of most vital matters.

But this situation does not by any means excuse any one of us of the "One Fold and One Shepherd" for writing unsympathetic communications such as that of which M. K. S. complains in The Commonweal of May 18. Pope Leo XIII has declared Anglican Orders not valid, and that settles the question for Catholics. Yet this does not mean that our attitude should in any wise be other than moderate, tolerant, patient, and encouraging. Let us not forget that Anglicans are undoubtedly sincere in their desire to attain the true "Faith once delivered to the saints." Moreover, there is every reason for Catholics believing that the Oxford movement was inspired by the Holy Spirit. Only consider the case of the great Cardinal Newman.

DAVID A. ELMS.

(Owing to the volume of the letters which are being received on the subject of "Two Religions" of Anglicanism, we are forced to declare this controversy now closed.—The Editors.)

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A "G. O. P. HOUSE-PARTY"

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—A "G. O. P. house-party" is the way The Commonweal of April 20 sizes up the debate on prohibition by the noted political leaders, Senator Borah and President Butler. There is real truth in this humorous poke at the political party that occupies the helm. As prohibition is a serious subject it would also seem in order to attempt to draw some deeper deductions which these few quoted words would suggest and the high merit of the debate would warrant.

The question was asked: "Shall there be a frank pronouncement on the subject—one way or another—by the Republican party platform?" The answer is returned: "Most likely not." Why should the Republican party, taking its lesson from Democratic experience, needlessly and to no purpose wreck its bark on the waters of turbulent discussion upon a question on which the nation has already, in a solemn and formal manner, adopted a policy after much previous discussion?

The voter has never confused prohibition with purely party politics and issues, but preferred to make this semi-social problem one of his own liking. Prohibition as a party never attracted except in a small way any strength from either of the major parties, but Democratic and Republican parties alike have felt the weight of its growing sentiment within their ranks. The situation may seem peculiar until we examine and study it more closely. Being a social question primarily, the voter can get his own first-hand information and make his comparisons without the need of party leaders, and it appears he has done and is doing this. He may follow his party in a manner like tariff or world court, but why ask for a leader on a social question that fairly forces itself upon the reflecting citizen for his practical solution? There is perhaps no political question on which the lines are so sharply drawn or upon which men think with deeper conviction.

Worthy of comment and indicative of a very hopeful sign is the fact that neither of the public debaters advocated a disregard for the observance of law. Their debate was exceptionally free from false and foolish appeal to a degree that one can seldom discover in the immense verbiage that fills the public press of the day relative to the matter. Such a house-party reflects a high compliment upon those who can stage it.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

THE LAYMAN'S CHANCE

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It was by no idle chance that America came into being. Surely if Christ had not established His Church upon Peter, the Rock of Ages, there would have been no land of the free and home of the brave, as there would have been no independence from the slavery of sin or the tyranny of unregenerated man. Logically, when Americans listen to the voice of the Catholic Church in spiritual matters they do not lose one iota of their Americanism. Rather do they get a fuller conception of the natural heritage of social justice and human liberty which is theirs.

Many thousands of well-meaning Americans are today watching the Church in a spirit of wistful inquiry and intensive interest not manifest in the past. These truth-seekers are looking at the Catholic laity, realizing that we possess a "something" whose reality they cannot encompass. Thousands of the younger generation have seen the fallible humanity of the sects—but they have not yet seen the infallible Divinity of the Catholic Church.

Thus is the door open to make the Church of our fathers known and loved. By open street lecture work, such as is done in Boston by the Catholic Truth Guild, as well as by precept and example, the Catholic laity can in some measure repay the debts they owe to God and country. The laity of other English-speaking lands have seen with clearness the "layman's chance" and have, with the approval of the Church authority, perfected organizations of zealous propagandists which are already writing glorious lines into the missionary annals of Christ's Church in the modern world. Will the Catholic laity in America, who rightly contribute so generously to the missions in far-off lands, fail to see the great opportunity which exists here to assist in bringing countless souls under the Divine influence which the Catholic Church alone does wield?

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

MOON, TIDE AND WEATHER

Hampton Falls, N. H.

TO the Editor:—In connection with my article, Moon, Tide and Weather, published in The Commonweal of June 1, I would like to offer the following weather notes as verification.

I have been preparing my records of the weather with the changes of the moon for each lunar month since January 1, 1925, and find only three instances of rain or snow for three or more days in succession. These three came just before and just after the full in January, 1925; January, 1927; and February, 1927.

The average length of the periods of unbroken fair weather just before and just after the full, was seven days in 1925 and eight in 1926. In 1925, the day of the full moon was fair in eleven cases, and half rain and half fair in one case only. In 1926, the days of the full moon were: six fair, three cloudy and three rain or snow. Since January, 1925, almost six-sevenths of the days were fair at the time of the full moon, and only a little over one-seventh stormy. I wish that I had kept a record of the weather between sunset and sunrise for the last two years. My impression is that clear nights outnumber clear days at that time.

It is now the full moon of May and we are having one of those typical long rains which seem to come only on the full. Day after day the official forecast has promised the brave fliers fair weather on the morrow following the passage of the storm out across the ocean. Day after day it has held up a warning hand, counselling them to postpone their trans-Atlantic flight; for the disturbance hangs stationary along our coast; the northeast wind continues to hold sway and the rainfall increases.

WILLIAM E. CRAM.

SOLIDIFICATION OF HELIUM

Atchison, Kansas.

TO the Editor:—Permit me the liberty of calling your attention to an editorial in The Commonweal of May 11 concerning the solidification of helium "just reported." This appeared in New Edition of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry of September 10, 1926.

Page nine: "Every gas known to chemists has now been prepared in a solid form. The last to succumb is helium, etc." Hence the gas of the atmosphere has long since passed the stage of "hope."

At the University of Toronto, Canada, the experiment of liquefaction of helium by Professor Kommerlingh Onnes in 1908 at Leyden was merely repeated.

REV. ADRIAN STOLLBAUM, O. S. D.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Ruddigore

WHAT is a poor manager to do who would revive a Gilbert and Sullivan opera in the same city where Winthrop Ames has re-created Iolanthe and The Pirates of Penzance? The sheer perfection of Mr. Ames's staging has, in two short years, established a standard and tradition by which all other efforts will be measured and, in nine cases out of ten, condemned. This falls with particular hardship on Lawrence J. Anhalt, whose courage and enthusiasm gave us the little-known Princess Ida more than a year ago, and who now revives Ruddigore with a most excellent cast. Mr. Anhalt deserves more encouragement and recognition than he has received from the critics. His revivals are more than workmanlike. They are intelligent, well balanced and much more within the Gilbert and Sullivan spirit than the occasional gaudy revivals of the Shuberts. The present Ruddigore is an excellent evening's entertainment.

It is not, however, an Ames evening. Just what is the difference? Surely not in casting. With William Danforth as Sir Despard Murgatroyd, Alexander Clark as Robin Oakapple, Craig Campbell as Richard Dauntless, and Herbert Waterous as the ghost of Sir Roderic, it would be hard to find a cast of better vocal equipment or by and large with a better turn for Gilbertian patter. Then Sarah Edwards gives quite a lift to the sorrows and foibles of Mad Margaret. If Violet Carlson is a bit vaudevillian and obvious as Rose Maybud, she nevertheless scores every point with her audience, which (be the truth told) is more than some of the Ames soprani have been able to do. Even the chorus is well above the average.

Where, then, lies the difference? Chiefly, one suspects, in the personal direction and supervision of Mr. Ames. In spite of much discussion and publicity, the rôle of the director in the theatre is still vague to most theatre-goers. The mere fact that they do not see him waving a baton, as they do an orchestral leader, detracts from their estimate of his importance. To appreciate just what a director means to a performance, the public would have to attend rehearsals, would have to see the painstaking insistence with which each group of lines, each stated action, each ensemble is repeated again and again, molding the action to the individual talents of the actors until every last ounce of movement and interest, of comedy or tragedy, is extracted. The theatrical director's job is, in many respects, more difficult than the orchestral leader's. The latter has to think only of the tonal effect. The former has to think of diction, voice, personal appearance, gesture, "business," the interplay of type with type, and, above all, of the possibility of creating a total effect so permanent and so well understood by the actors that when his directing eye is withdrawn the performance will swing along without him, carried on night after night by the intelligent momentum he has given it. In this complex task, Winthrop Ames is a past master.

Take, for example, the management of the chorus of peers in Iolanthe. The story goes that Mr. Ames asked each member of the chorus to think of himself as an individual character. One man decided he would be a deaf peer, holding his trumpet to his ear on every occasion. Another adopted a particular walk. Another decided to be old and querulous, another to be young and dashing. The final result was a group of men singing and moving with the needed precision of a chorus, but flashing before the eye as a group of distinct personalities, investing the performance with the true illusion of variety and life and spontaneity. It is this finer delicacy of direction which the Anhalt production of Ruddigore somewhat lacks—a most intangible quality, but one that makes all the difference between distinction and ordinary excellence. In spite of this, Ruddigore is worth seeing. If nothing else can induce you to go, let it be the magnificent work of William Danforth.

Kempy Again

WHILE the Irish Rose of Master Abie goes on forever, it is rather joyous to see a play of the same vintage revived, and with marked success. That grand old stage family, the Nugents, are doing it at the Hudson theatre, as of course they should, since J. C. (Papa) Nugent and Elliott Nugent wrote the play and originally appeared in it. Perhaps the stage tradition established by the Nugents lacks some of the superlative lustre which clings around the Drew-Barrymore family, but this much can be said in all conscience, that if we had half a dozen Nugent families writing for and acting in the modern theatre, the general level of artistry (not to mention cleanliness) would be immeasurably higher.

Take J. C. Nugent himself. There is little of Shakespearean grandeur about him, but if anyone has given this year a performance of greater artistic integrity than his own in God Loves Us, I have failed to see it. His range is somewhat limited by physical appearance and vocal equipment, but within that range he can be as moving an actor as we have on the stage. His work is notable for its great simplicity and the perfection of its detail. Like many a fine trouper, he has his tricks, but they are intentional ones, striking at their mark with an altogether admirable precision. His playwriting achieves no particular distinction. It is frequently rough and ready, and it makes no pretense at avoiding accepted theatrical hokum. But in its quiet satire, in its tolerant observation of current fads, in its healthy rooting in fundamentals, it surpasses very often the most brilliant concoctions of the so-called sophisticates. A Nugent play is pretty apt to take full cognizance of the times we live in. It does not insult one's intelligence by ignoring everything but sentiment and low comedy. Sturdy plays, done a little carelessly, but planted in character and individuality.

Elliott Nugent, it will be recalled, as an inhibited scholar at a mid-western university gave an individual performance of great merit in The Poor Nut. He opened in the present revival of Kempy, but was unfortunately called away for another engagement. His place is quite competently taken by Anderson Lawler in the title rôle of Kempy James. Ruth Nugent, who has recently been playing the part created by Laura Sheffield in The Constant Nymph, plays Ruth Bence, the somewhat Cinderella daughter of the crabbed Dad Bence—Dad, of course, being the vehicle for J. C. Nugent himself. Both father and daughter succeed in lifting their parts well above type. Lotus Robb plays the provocative Katherine Bence, about whose dreams of a career the play centers—the difficult part of a girl with no talent and high vaulting ambitions who must still retain the sympathy of the audience. Miss Robb effects this compromise with no little skill. Kempy is worth seeing, not only as an object lesson in how good a decent play can be, but for its sheer worth as light and pleasant entertainment.

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Incidentally, the Kempy revival is the first in an experimental season of repertory initiated by Murray Phillips. His idea was to revive as many successes of recent years as the public seemed to have appetite for, engaging, so far as possible, the original casts. Kempy, however, has caught on so well that it will be continued indefinitely, and the Phillips repertory season will be conducted at another theatre. One interesting innovation in these revivals is a return to pre-war box-office prices. The idea seems to be an excellent one, unless, through perversity, the public which is being offered exceptional fare at low prices becomes suspecious of the price itself. If the Kempy cast sets the standard to follow, there need be no fear of any catch in an ante-prohibition ticket cost.

Hit the Deck!

THE sepulchral gloom of the Belasco Theatre now cherishes for the first time in its history the thunderous rhymths of a bright and quick stepping musical play. To be sure the Belasco tradition is not being broken entirely, as Hit the Deck is adapted from Hubert Osborn's play, Shore Leave, which was originally presented by Mr. Belasco. But it is a bit incongruous, if highly diverting, when one contrasts the heavy black and brown setting of the theatre itself with the lively lighting and rhythm of musical comedy.

Except for occasional raucous and double-meaning jokes scattered through the dialogue, the story of this show is as Cinderella-like and harmless as an April zephyr. It follows the fortunes of a sea-captain's daughter from the coffee-house she keeps for sailors at Newport through various up-to-date adventures in Chinese waters to an idyllic conclusion. A certain "gob" rejoicing in the name of Bilge Smith is the hero. Various other characters clutter up the scene with song and dance to fit the mood, the bright particular star of this group being Stella Mayhew, to whom is allotted that unquestioned song of the season known as Hallelujah.

The program star is Louise Groody, recently in No, No, Nanette. Miss Groody is neither the prettiest nor the most accomplished of the younger musical comedy stars, but has an abundance of good spirits, the routine pathos demanded for the first-act curtain, and a very engaging manner withal. Charles King as the illiterate Bilge is a better actor than singer. But it is Stella Mayhew in the familiar garb of a colored mammy, who sets the pace of authority. If the youngsters had one-fourth of the authority of these old-timers, what shows we should have! Nor must we omit from the catalogue of good points the excellent dances arranged by Seymour Felix, the vigorous music of Vincent Youmans, or the singing of a certain female quartette in Chinese costume.

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BOOKS

A Methodist Saint: The Life of Bishop Asbury, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

BISHOP FRANCIS ASBURY is not only the maker of American Methodism. He was one of the builders of America. The equestrian statue, unveiled in Washington on October 15, 1924, by President Coolidge, was a well-deserved tribute to his memory. The church, which Asbury found a "puling infant" when he landed at Philadelphia in 1771 and which he left "a lusty youngster whose holy bawling had been heard from the Atlantic to the Mississippi" at his death, is a force in American life with which one is obliged to reckon.

Undoubtedly the Methodists themselves in time will be obliged to admit that, of all the accounts of the rise of American Methodism heretofore written, Herbert Asbury's recently published tome is the liveliest and will inevitably prove the most attractive and interesting to the general reader. Evangelical readers may not be pleased with the ofttimes irreverent style of the author of Up from Methodism and they may entertain dark thoughts toward Herbert. But in the end they will thank him; for he has succeeded, in spite of all his cavilings against the Methodist God, in making his stern and unrelenting collateral ancestor emerge as an almost living figure. Moreover, it is but fair to the author to say that, within his acknowledged limitations, it was not at all his intention to present another of those "biographies of the Holy Ghost" which the average "Life" of Asbury, written by the Methodist eulogist, undoubtedly is.

It is a pity that Bishop Asbury is not as well known to Americans in general as he is to the Methodists, albeit in the overdrawn lineaments of the demigod the eulogists have made him. There is no doubt of his sincerity. His ungrateful collateral descendant takes it for granted; and it is only fitting that he should have been beloved and appreciated in his latter years by the denomination for which he had done the work of a pioneer apostle. When the student of American life as it is today, puzzled over the phenomena of increasing legal inhibitions and the tyranny of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, casts up the account of American origins, he will find the name of Bishop Asbury, for weal or woe, writ large upon the record. It is with such facts, in the spirit of impartial truth, that the sociologist is concerned. He may leave to other more passionate souls the tasks of assisting or resisting the further progress of the Methodist conquest of America.

The old warrior, filled with holy fire for the rescue of souls, came straight from the haunts of John Wesley in England. He relentlessly pursued this end and has proven what perseverance may accomplish. Some there were, even among his fellow-preachers, who said he purposed to make himself the "Pope of American Methodism"; but he impressively pointed to his scars, his benevolences, and his sufferings to extend the cause of Methodism, asking if they really believed there was any likeness between himself and the glorious Pope of Rome. Before leaving for America, indeed, he had been charged with entertaining such ambitions; and it is certain that he believed the welfare of American Methodism to be bound up with his own prominence and leadership in Methodistic circles. He was an adroit ecclesiastical politician; and from this godly man, there can scarcely be a doubt, other Methodists have learned how to "pull wires" in state and general conferences and do their most effective work behind the scenes of civil, as well as ecclesiastical, government.

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Asbury never relaxed his hold over the faithful. Soon after arriving he was made "general assistant" by the authority of John Wesley, who preferred that those in charge of districts should not be called bishops. The founder of Methodism, after the Anglican bishops had refused to ordain him ministers for the American circuits, had gradually come around to the view that the powers of bishops were inherent in the priesthood and did not derive from a special grace of orders. To be absolutely safe, he persuaded himself also that the apostolic succession had been lost in the darkness of the middle-ages, and that he had been sent of God to restore it in form, in view of the present necessity, if not in substance.

Asbury's idea of the matter was somewhat different, not to say even more interesting. He was "consecrated" by Dr. Coke, with other Methodist ministers whom Coke had ordained assisting as "co-consecrators," a mere "general superintendent" on December 27, 1784, at Baltimore. Notwithstanding this fact, in preparing the minutes of the general conference which met at the same time, Asbury inserted the account of his "consecration" with his title given as bishop. Bishop it remained, in spite of all the imprecations called down upon his head by John Wesley; and Asbury came to be known, not only to Methodists but to all other Americans, as Bishop Asbury.

What John Wesley had hesitated even so much as to whisper, fearing that he would thereby irremediably prejudice the Anglicans toward his cause, Asbury proclaimed with confidence. Not only had the apostolic orders of the primitive Church of Christ been restored in form—they had also been restored in substance through John Wesley to a Christendom that had lost the pabulum. And the Methodists alone had bishops and ministers truly ordained and consecrated! It is not at all impossible that the audacious precedent set by Asbury inspired the Reverend Mr. Tipple, whilom missionary of the Methodists in Rome, to send his personal card, inscribed "Bishop of Rome," in to the Pope when once he was calling at the Vatican!

During the Revolutionary War the status of the Methodists was a ticklish question. John Wesley very unwisely denounced the cause of the patriots, and prejudice against the Methodists was strengthened by the fact that not a few of the preachers boldly affiliated with the Tories or departed for the motherland at the beginning of the war. At one time a band of between seventy and eighty Tory Methodist preachers was taken captive by an American detachment in Maryland. Asbury, however, was unmoved. He thought only of the welfare of Methodism and avoided taking a definite stand until it was quite apparent that victory would perch upon the American banners. He and the Methodists were the first to congratulate General George Washington, and this forehandedness was the greatest single factor in convincing the Americans that the Methodists, as a religious body, were not un-American. Wesley's primacy of jurisdiction over American Methodists itself was repudiated in 1787 and he possessed, thereafter, only a certain primacy of honor.

What is of very great interest is that Asbury strongly advocated a celibate clergy for his Methodists. He himself never married; and when, at one time, he was reproached by some of the fair sex who felt themselves insulted because he had not taken one of their number to wife, he replied that no living woman could have the grace to live with her husband one week out of every fifty-two. "The devil and the women," he complained on one occasion, were getting his preachers! On a certain circuit the women were especially avid in the pursuit of clerical husbands. Asbury had sent preacher after preacher; but all had married in a period of from six weeks to three months. At last he sent two preachers, who were decrepit old men, to the place; but the old gentlemen married within two months! "You must run home to your darlings!" the Bishop chided his clergy. Oh! how he wished that the preachers could have been even as himself fully consecrated to God with a love of immortal souls that would not allow itself to be impeded by worldly cares!

Can anyone be surprised to find that this man has left his stamp upon American society? He and his itinerants pushed into the wilderness, north and south and west. Wherever the English tongue was spoken they went to plant their churches. Indeed, almost as soon as a territory gained as much as 500 inhabitants, it was sure to have a Methodist circuit-rider and a Methodist church. The old leader continually exhorted his preachers to greater and greater sacrifices. What they gained for Methodism was due to the inspiring example and constant prodding of Bishop Asbury.

ROBERT R. HULL.

James Bryce (Viscount Bryce of Darchmont, O. M.) by H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $8.00.

IF THE Early Life and Letters of John Morley, reviewed in The Commonweal of May 18, leaves us with the impression of a man somehow frustrated and low-spirited behind all the façade of worldly success, the biography of James Bryce by the Warden of New College, Oxford, offers us, in contrast, the picture of a life almost ideally happy from its boyhood to its close in ripe and serene age. It is hard to think of any beneficent fairy that was excluded from the cradle of the man who was to become Britain's most respected ambassador at Washington, and the author of the preëminent handbook on America's Constitution. His health was rugged, his early life and education unmarred by the domestic infelicities and struggles that overshadowed John Morley's. From a line of Scotch-Irish covenanting ancestors he inherited sterling independence of character, a love for simple and accessible pleasures, and also the philosophic fervor that leaves little room for doubts and questionings. After one brief and rather surprising interlude in youth when the Catholic Church appealed to the historian in him (on what other grounds it is not quite clear) his religious convictions settled down into a quiescent behaviorism that lasted him to the end of his days.

He was a great and omnivorous student, but no cloistered scholar. His labors on constitutional history were pleasingly punctuated with constant travel; with mountain climbing, for which he had a passion; with swimming, fishing, sailing, and long walks. He had physical courage as well as strength and welcomed risk as the salt of existence. His marriage, rather late in life, gave him an ideal companion for all his activities, and a gracious hostess for his home. His faculty for making friends kept the circle of his intimates replenished with new blood until the end. If we except the precious gift of children, which was denied him, it is hard to see a single ebb or cross-current in a life that flowed on, full, strong and steady, to its painless close in sleep.

Yet, even in a life so ideally conditioned to make the best of both worlds, success was balanced by failure. Bryce's outstanding achievement, and one which, as time passes, is not likely to diminish in popular esteem, was his great book on the American commonwealth. Criticism has not been spared it. Commentators have suggested that it is too exclusively a political history, and that economic facts, to which the new school attaches the leading rôle, are given only a secondary

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place. Yet even Mr. Charles Beard, perhaps the most luminous of Bryce's contemporary critics, is forced to admit that the book came at due time and effected its purpose. "For the first time since the days of De Tocqueville," says Mr. Beard, in The Rise of American Civilization, just published, "a philosophic foreigner, this time an Englishman, had surveyed the whole American tableau, as someone remarked, 'over the rim of a champagne glass,' and described it with elaborate precision. . . . Bryce laid bare the anatomy and morphology of politics—rings, bosses, frauds, machines, intrigue and chicane. . . . His book made a sensation among those who, to use Ruskin's phrase, had sat at the banquet—blindfolded."

His failure came in a country which had been the grave of many a fair reputation before him. His appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland on the heels of the Liberal landslide of 1903, unless it were intended as window-dressing for the benefit of the strong Protestant non-conformist element which had rolled up the ballots, is hard to understand. He had voted "reluctantly" for coercion. Mr. Fisher admits that "nobody was less likely to sympathize with the Catholic Irishmen of the South than a Scottish Presbyterian, born in Belfast." His undersecretary, Sir Anthony McDonnell, from whom, by virtue perhaps of Celtic blood and Catholic faith, the sentimental mysticism which has always been mingled with harshness in Anglo-Irish dealings seems to have expected some miracle of conciliation, turned out harsh and unpopular instead, and "looked at the problems of Irish government from the angle of an Indian bureaucrat."

In addition, the Liberal philosopher, with his naïve belief in the value of compromise, soon found himself at loggerheads with both sections among a people whom harsh experience had convinced that the days of compromise were numbered. "He was impartially boycotted," Mr. Fisher tells us, "by Unionists and Nationalists." Bryce's brief tenure of the most thorny post in the British cabinet ended, as so many tenures before his had ended, in a sort of glorified district visiting, in suggestions for the old, old palliatives in the shape of fishery grants and a scheme for higher education, the latter found afterward by his successor to be none too clear. It is hard to believe that his heart was ever greatly in his Irish work, or that the appointment to Washington did not reach him as a deliverance from present trouble.

Such serene, well-rounded lives as Bryce's are no portent. There are too many of them to permit of any such theory. But in any appreciable number they are always the product of special conditions, of an interlude in world history, when liberty and authority have arrived at a compromise that allows the present to be static and the future apparently foreseen. The nineteenth century, through the greater part of which both Bryce and Morley, born in the same year, lived, was such an epoch. Liberalism was its evangel, a belief in perfectability its comfort when danger threatened. Its heart had never been wrung nor its nerves shaken. The prospect of a day when political panaceas, fading like so many Fata Morgana, should leave the ugly escarpment of economic fact to be scaled or blasted away with endless toil and stress, was actual only to a few embittered and unhappy prophets. Today it is in the possession of the most partially enlightened. A great many years seem fated to pass, and a considerable volume of water to run under bridges before we shall see an intellectual equipment of the first order once more companioned with the serenity and optimism that was the happy lot through life of Viscount Bryce of Darchmont.

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Canadian Folk Songs, Old and New, selected and translated by J. Murray Gibbon; harmonizations by Geoffrey O'Hara and Oscar O'Brien; decorations by Frank H. Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A MANTLE of dark purple was enveloping Lac Quenouille. Iscariote and Le Juif Errant, the two loons at the far end, had grown tired of repeating their plain-chant dirge of the damned and on all sides the enduring mountains published peace to all good French-Canadians and all good fly-fishermen who understood the permanence of simple pleasures and the sterling rewards of patience.

So profound was the stillness, that when a tiny smear showed on this ever-darkening mantle in the direction of Micheauville's landing, far over to the left, we were able to distinguish the dip of the paddle. Soon we heard more, for André began to sing. And as he sang, I realized that André swinging an axe at our woodpile and suggesting happiness rather than harmony in song, was an altogether different André from this one who now made time with his paddle for the rendition of a French-Canadian classic of the open, mellowed by the wide stretch of water and murmured in refrain by the encompassing hills.

"Pour aller voir tous nos parents,
Mes chers amis, le coeur content. . . ."

I turned to Valentin, guide and friend—and at all times philosopher. "They are all the same," I said. "Songs of the home ties, of family reunions, of the farm and the farm favorites, of fun and frolic with neighbors, of paddling wide lakes and packing across wide portages that return may be made to nos parents—or to the maiden whose virtues as dutiful daughter and wonderful cook glow as steadily as her sweet eyes. Why is not the music preserved in books, like the music of the common people of Scotland and Ireland and England, and with the music the words—perhaps translated in such manner that the spirit of the soil of old Quebec may be revealed to those who now sit in darkness so far as knowledge of the real habitant is concerned?"

"There is one book of the French word and many of the tune," answered Val. "A priest who stay with me one week two-three year ago, he show me. But for translate in the Henglish"—he shrugged expressively—"it is not easy, that."

It is not, and yet J. Murray Gibbon, praiseworthy poet, successful novelist and sympathetic student of all matters pertaining to French-Canada, has produced a volume which will be welcomed with gratitude by many, not merely because in it are collected the words and music of a number of the oldest and most popular of the habitant's songs, but because, with the French lines, are translations which preserve in English all the spontaneity, all the gaiety, all the sentiment and all the occasional dolor of the original.

Take, for example, La Visite du Jour de l'An. The full significance to the French-Canadian of New Year's Day—the day of the whole year, the day on which quarrels with neighbors are composed, the responsibilities of parents are reaffirmed and the duties of children are accentuated and joyfully accepted—is disclosed with rare discernment in the English verses which tell of the daughter "in service" who returns on the first day of the year to kneel for a blessing before the work-worn father coming in from his winter chores.

By departing slightly from the literal in the translation of Vive la Canadienne! the full swing of this jolly story in song of the country wedding with its feasting and dancing is maintained in the English stanzas. This song, by the way, is one of those in which modern words have been set to the tune of an old French chanson. Comparatively few of the favorites of fireside and forest camp are modern both in music and in words, while quite a number of those most frequently heard are the ballads of France in the middle-ages, sung to the original tunes which, in some cases, have passed out of use in the France of today while they persist among the descendants of the pioneers of what was once New France. One fact, which has been frequently noted by those interested in songs of the habitant, is the frequent reference to the cities of the older country—Nantes and Rouen, Paris and La Rochelle. As the translator of this collection points out, this also extends to things, as, for example, when in Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin the maiden is said to have had a donkey for a pony—the donkey being virtually unknown in Quebec.

To study the folk songs of any people is to discover early in the pleasurable pursuit how many of the themes developed have parallels in presentation in other countries. This is especially the case with songs of exile and homesickness. One such melody of melancholy included in this collection under the title of Un Canadien Errant, is a comparatively recent plaint set to the music of an older chanson, the original thought of which (the willingness of the lover to be transformed into beast, bird or fish to pursue his mistress until he shall win her) has been expressed in the folk songs of England, Italy, Spain, Greece, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Serbia.

These songs are the very photograph of Jean Baptiste—they propound his philosophy, they project his whole outlook on life. Because they do, because they offer an interpretation of those things which are most intimate and most inherently characteristic of an interesting race, Mr. Gibbon deserves praise as well as thanks for presenting them in a manner which preserves in English every accent of their significance in the original French.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

The Black Death: A Chronicle of the Plague, compiled by Johannes Nohl from contemporary sources; translated by C. H. Clarke. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

THOUGH this volume is full of information, it is likely to leave many wrong impressions. It is eminently uncritical, and any and every sort of documentary evidence is quoted in it as of equal significance. Defoe, for instance, is cited as having written "a masterly history of the plague in London," quite as if he had been an eye-witness, though he wrote his Journal of the Plague Year some sixty years after it was over, and wrote it, moreover, very much as he did Robinson Crusoe, having in view solely the making of a good story. Many of the details that he gives are quite as fictitious as those in the latter masterpiece.

The author is manifestly of the opinion that plague is due to filth in general, and attributes the spread of plague to the lack of cleanliness of the mediaeval people. David Hume, the English historian, is quoted as saying that "after the great fire the town, London, was rapidly reconstructed . . . and was much more healthy. The plague, which generally broke out with great violence twice or thrice a century, and in fact every time appeared first in the most filthy corner of the town, has never been heard of since this great misfortune." However, it is now known that plague is not due to dirt in general, but to the presence of the rat flea, which carries the disease from infected rats to human beings. Kipling was much happier in his story of the inhabitants of a town in the middle-ages who got the idea that rats might be carriers of the disease after seeing them gnaw the bodies of victims, and proceeded to clear the town of rats with the consequent eradication of the scourge.

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It is important to note this because there is an impression in the minds of certain educated people at the present time that generic dirt causes disease. The origin of disease, however, is always something very specific. When the Americans took over Cuba, they cleaned up Havana, confident that, once that was accomplished, yellow fever would be no more. Colonel Waring, who had done such a fine job in cleaning up New York, was the director, and accomplished his purpose very well; but yellow fever proceeded to rage more violently than ever, and Waring himself fell a victim to it. Then came the investigation by Walter Reed and his companions, which revealed the Stegomyia mosquito as the carrier of the disease. Since then there has been no more yellow fever in Cuba and it will soon be a thing of the past everywhere. The rat flea is, in similar fashion, the great carrier of the plague. So long as we have the disgraceful condition of supporting as many rats in this country as there are inhabitants, there is always serious danger that we may have an epidemic, if a patient suffering from the disease should get into any of our ports. This risk is emphasized by the fact that squirrels, another family of rodents, infected with plague and capable of transmitting it, were found in California many miles from San Francisco when plague cases got into that port.

Nohl's book has the not uncommon fault of not drawing a reasonably clear line between the middle-ages and modern times. Some of the worst reactions to the plague are as modern as the sixteenth and even the seventeenth century. During the seventeenth century, it was a generally accepted idea that malicious people could, by smearing ointments of various kinds on the doors of houses, cause the spread of the plague. This led to the torture of a number of perfectly innocent people and to the execution of some of them. It may seem strange to find cruelty so close to us, but it was at this same period, the seventeenth century, that an immense number of deaths for witchcraft—probably over 100,000—were inflicted.

The volume emphasizes particularly the sensational and evil side of the reaction to the plague after the fashion of the modern newspaper with regard to news. There were a number of finely humanitarian reactions, involving the greatest possible self-sacrifice, that might have been given a much larger place. The author does some justice to the good work of Saint Charles Borromeo in the seventeenth century, but there are many other instances of conduct as noble as his. Cardinal Gasquet wrote a book on the Black Death because it represents an extremely important chapter in the history of the Church. When the severest epidemics occurred, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the finest characters among the religious and secular clergy devoted themselves to the plague-stricken regardless of the risk involved. The inevitable result was that a great many of them died. A predominance of less devoted and less self-sacrificing clergymen were left to the immediately succeeding generations. This enhanced the tendency to abuses of various kinds, which finally created the state of affairs that led up to the Reformation.

Niebuhr, the German historian, quoted by Nohl in his preface, appreciated this moral effect of the plague and the tendency to degeneration of the race after epidemics, and has traced it at various periods in history. "The plague not only depopulates and kills, it gnaws the moral stamina and frequently destroys it entirely; thus the sudden demoralization of Roman society from the period of Mark Antony may be explained by the oriental plague. Six hundred years before, the epidemic, really in the nature of yellow fever, at Athens, coincided too exactly with the decay of the best period of antiquity not to be regarded

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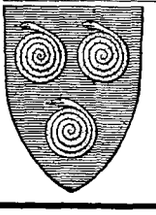

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as its cause. In such epidemics the best are invariably carried off and the survivors deteriorate morally. Times of plague are always those in which the bestial and diabolical side of human nature gains the upper hand."

Epidemics carry off particularly the unselfish who care for others. The worst part of humanity, the cowardly runaways or those who slink into hiding, are left by an unfortunate natural selection to propagate the race. The sad results are felt for several generations until nature has righted the wrong. This accounts much more for the evil reactions to the plague than does the supposedly natural deterioration of human character when it is placed under severe trial. JAMES J. WALSH.

Emerson and Others, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

FRAGMENTS of the Emersonian personality! Mention of them whets the appetite; acts like the promise of a swim in cool waters on a warm afternoon. It is probably not altogether accidental that Mr. Brooks's vivid chapters contain so many references to swimming. The very Emersonian phrase is like a splash in some stream—a vigorous cutting across the inertia of language, of stale linguistic deposits. But unfortunately swimming is only an exercise. It gets nothing done, is no commendable method of travel. Similarly, one somehow never arrives at any goal with Emerson. The man is all spring, elasticity. Mr. Brooks's book—or rather, what one may assume was going to be his book—breaks off abruptly at the middle. After those searching examinations of Mark Twain and Henry James, one had expected something more. The most lucid intelligence now active in America ought, one thinks, to have managed a little better with the sage of Concord. Perhaps he is really not manageable.

That is a conclusion dictated not so much by what one already surmises about Emerson as by Mr. Brooks's own interesting pages. Six vignettes of the great man, in all of which he is busily whetting his inner sharpness against whatever of stone presents itself. There was Boston turning the pages of new foreign books without coming upon anything more challenging than its own weird Alcott, or the neighboring Thoreau. There was nature, the great symbol of tautness, giving instruction in the art of stripping oneself of non-essentials. Most of all, perhaps, there were the erratic currents of reform, contradicting calculation, sometimes defying common sense. Mr. Brooks deals with all in the language of the journals and the essays, seeking to build a pattern rather than to devise the materials. The result is most interesting. Not much that has been written about Emerson is so virile and effective. But at the end one confronts the distressing fact that no whole can be fashioned out of a handful of fragments.

The rest of the book—mutely bearing witness that there should have been more of Emerson—is luminous enough as far as it goes. Unfortunately the directions are too many. What is said of Upton Sinclair's novels is pertinent and decisive. Mr. Sinclair ought not to be putting a baby in a good humor when the real task is disciplining a man. The memorial to Randolph Bourne is a fine indication of that friendly alertness to other people's efforts which has always characterized Mr. Brooks as a critic. Notes on Herman Melville might well been developed into a goodly volume, had the author been interested in doing so. Unfortunately the information available about the creator of Moby Dick is too slight for the peculiar Brooks method and purpose. These things and others help to round out a book which is always discerning and well-done.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

BRIEFER MENTION

Norse Mythology, by Peter Andreas Munch; translated by Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt. New York: The American Scandinavian Foundation. $2.50.

A VALUABLE book, the excellence of which is vouched for by the high standing and scholarship of Peter Andreas Munch and his pupil, the reviser, Magnus Olsen, is Norse Mythology, Legends of Gods and Heroes of Ancient Norway. Like a good historian, Dr. Munch begins his book at the earliest findings in history, and presents a subject about which there has been considerable confusion, with simplicity and clearness. One must confess to a feeling of some horror at the contemplation of this Valhalla of the North; Von Heidenstamm in his Tree of the Folkungs conveyed this side of paganism with a realism both splendid and terrible, and from Dr. Munch's delineation of the Home of Fogs, the Home of Desolation, the abodes of giants, and demiurges one gathers a picture of hideous powers and cruelties that is hardly relieved by the brighter worlds of elves and dwarfs. There are many valuable notes and appendices which give the book a particular significance.

French Society in the Eighteenth Century, by Louis Ducros; translated from the French by W. de. Geiger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

THIS is a book without an ounce of charm, and in which the facts are thrown together helter-skelter, which yet possesses real interest for the student of history and social customs. It is hard reading, but the facts are there buttressed by a wealth of anecdote and illustration. It takes up in detail life in Versailles, Paris and the provinces, with a concluding section devoted to Public Opinion in the Eighteenth Century. It gives a careful and generally unbiased picture of the times, and leaves the reader with an adequate impression of the reasons for the Revolution. The author is a professor in the University of Aix, and his book possesses both the virtues and faults of the purely academic mind.

The Golden Centipede, by Louise Gerard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

AN ENTERTAINING mystery story that owes much more to the carefully tied knots in its plot and the charming personalities in the romance that develops stealthily under the reader's eye, than to the thick spread of verbiage that lays a sticky trap of African weird horrors, ju-ju charms, poison centipedes and human sacrifice, about all of the movements of the arch-outlaw, his feminine double, and the Englishman of keen mind and susceptible heart who relentlessly pursues the first twin while he falls in love with the second. Only bring to it a taste as yet uncloyed with jungle jinnees, and an ability to shiver and chill in the shadow of creeping bugs and prowling panthers, and The Golden Centipede will afford one an evening of thrills.

Retreat Conferences for Religious Sisterhoods, by Reverend A. M. Skelly, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.75.

THESE Retreat Conferences are a selection of addresses delivered by the Dominican author during the course of many years. They represent his effort to avoid the tediousness which characterizes some of the really great works for minds devoted to the cares of our busy age. The nuns for whom the attempt was made must judge of the author's success, and other enlightened readers may profit spiritually by his clear method.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

A sheepskin book of poems, golden-brown with age, dropped on Dr. Angelicus's portly knees as he read the lines:

" 'The children came in to say good-night
With tears in their bright young eyes;
But in grandma's lap with broken thread
The finished stocking lies.'

"What a picture of old-fashioned happiness! The lovely old grandma whose life is finished in the broken thread of her knitting. Where are such grandmothers today: they live alone in the colored chromolithographs that hang in dark hallway entrances."

Hereticus broke in with: "And where are the children who came to say good-night, except on their way out to the cabaret?"

Primus Criticus, not to be outdone, exclaimed in the same tone: "And where are the stockings that can stand grandmother's darnings?"

"Peace, my friends," rejoined Angelicus, "break not my sweet old reveries. I can recall my extreme youth today. The black walnuts dropping on the shingled roof, the girls sorting out the cuttings for the rag carpets and rugs; ranging the slips of calico and silk into the quilts and comforters! Do you think what I witness tonight, at home, can recompense me for such a past; mothers in their face masks, daughters in Chinese pyjamas restringing their fresh-water pearl necklaces; boys restocking their cigarette cases and pocket-flasks. The radio and victrola belching forth dance music gathered from the four quarters of heaven or the other place by sea or prairie where the jazz is scattered. Would you believe it, Hereticus, that Sybilla Smith, old Dean Peregrine's daughter, wept on my shoulder the other evening over the trials she is having with those two debutante daughters. 'Doctor,' she confided to me, 'I have done everything to make these girls a social success. Dances, theatres, country-houses and motor-cars all have failed; they are unmistakably wall-flowers! And in spite of the fact that I myself fill up their pocket-flasks with my best Scotch every time they go to a party! What shall I do, advise me!' This, from Dean Peregrine's daughter!"

* * *

"Keeping the angel-side of Jenny Lind to the public" seems to have been the task of the great showman, P. T. Barnum, according to his own story, published by Waldo B. Browne. History will persist in the idealization of her very lovely character, in spite of the allusions so cautiously advanced regarding her stubborn will and whimsical turns. There was never a more perfect Swede presented to the American public. Jenny Lind was the mystical daughter of the North, the associate of Fredericka Brehmer, who visited her in America; there was a Quakerish touch in her nature, as well as a highly feminine reserve, and the caution bred of years of experience with theatrical and musical agents. Barnum's trouble with her, real enough although he smoothes over many of his difficulties with her friends and jealous advisers, resulted in the very compact gains to the singer from her ninety-five American concerts of $176,675, while her great impresario pocketed some $535,-485. List, o list, ye children of the lyre, tympanum, buskin and fountain-pen! Ponder it, ye soulless corporations of the stage, the news-stand and the library, ye artless literary agents, syndicates and press bureaus!

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

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"Notions of rascality are generally accompanied, even if at a certain distance, with sentimental considerations, Christian hopefulness, a persistence in the belief of a virtuous triumph in the long run," said the Doctor. "In Memoirs of the Foreign Legion, by Maurice Magnus, we come across a paragraph that sums up scoundrelism as blackly as anything we have ever encountered. The question arises, is the black spot in the mind of the writer or in the actual life he is describing? 'The human brain is not made of steel: it is malleable and impressionable: and the strength of numbers and its force is overpowering. A man cannot swim against the stream, and once in the vortex of human depravity, where there is no religion, and where ethical values have never existed, a man, if he has any stamina in him and doesn't fall at once, is slowly attacked by the innumerable subtle, invisible tentacles of wickedness and vice, daily, hourly, in speech, suggestion and action, and life is made a mental and physical torture for him in hundreds of ways, every hour of the day and night, consciously and unconsciously, until he yields to the surrounding influences, and once brought down to their level there is no hope of his resurrection. To get there means the killing of everything good that was ever in him, beyond all hope, and with it appears a carelessness of self, and a gradual awakening of a sense of enjoyment of the cruelties and depravities of their life, until he, like the others, can no longer live without their brutal pleasures and vices, and becomes like them in thought, in apathy, in degeneration, with the same fixed idea that nothing matters except the coarsest, most brutal and physical satisfactions. Everything must be sacrificed for that. The ethics of the decent world serve to play with, not to be acted on, or believed in.'"

* * *

"It is hard for us," remarked the Doctor, after a pause, "to understand the complete evil of Satan as the fulness of virtue of the angels before God. On earth there is likeness and unlikeness in virtue and vices. I recall an amusing story told of General Sir Charles Tucker of the British forces in South Africa. His depths of profanity, it is alleged, had brought him before the Army Board for reprimand, just before he received the visiting card of F. St. George de Latour Tucker, one of the heads of the English Salvation Army, who suggested that, as Tuckers, they might be somehow related. 'As for that,' said the testy British General, 'I can hardly see. Your nickname among the men is "Salvation" Tucker, as you know: while I am commonly referred to as "Damnation" Tucker. Perhaps we had better conclude that we are cousins.'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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